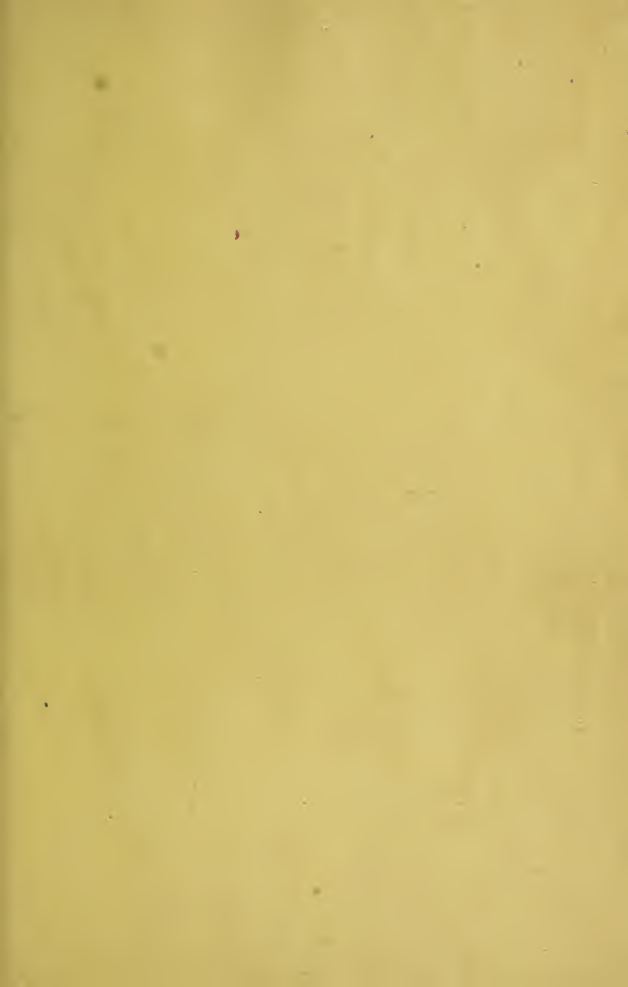




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Section 47.2

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From the Editor

TO
THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,
WILLIAM,
LORD BISHOP OF CHICHESTER,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED,
WITH THE AFFECTIONATE REVERENCE,
WHICH THE GRACES OF HIS CHARACTER
CANNOT FAIL TO INSPIRE.

P R E F A C E.

THAT our Psalmody is the most inefficient and unsatisfactory part of our Church-service, is generally acknowledged, and has often been openly declared, even by persons of high authority in the Church. It is implied moreover in the various Collections and Selections, the Psalmbooks and Hymnbooks, which are compiled every year; and which have become so numerous, that almost every other church and chapel has one of its own, and all uniformity in this branch of our public worship is at an end. A still sadder proof is the listlessness, which is so much complained of, exhibited by most congregations, except where there is a favorite Hymnbook, during this part of the service. Yet this is the very part of the service in which, one might naturally expect, the congregation would most delight in joining. Few can have visited dissenting meetings, without having a wish awakened in them, that in our churches also the praises of God might rise from the lips and the hearts

of all the people: and doubtless this has often operated as an attraction, whereby many have been drawn away to the conventicle. Hence divers appeals have been adrest to the persons who bear rule in our Church, calling upon them to remedy this grievous defect by the publication of an authorized Hymnbook. Indeed few measures they could adopt, would conduce more to the spiritual edification of our people, than a Hymnbook which might be to us, both in church and amid our families, what the Moravian Hymnbook and Wesley's are to the members of their communion.

The desirableness of such a Hymnbook is founded on the fact, which will hardly be denied, that there are many states of Christian feeling, which find no adequate expression in the Psalms; as there are many manifestations of the Godhead which did not receive their completion, until the Spirit descended upon the Apostles. But for all those states of devotional feeling which do find expression in the Psalms, no other expression can be comparable to that in holy sublimity and fervour. It would be a deplorable result, if, as is too much the case in many Collections, the Psalms were to be supplanted by Hymns of modern composition. Yet there can be little doubt, that one main cause of the inanimateness of our Psalmody is the character of the authorized Version most commonly in use. Composed in one of the feeblest ages of our

poetry, in an age too altogether alien from primitive simplicity and devotional fervour, the New Version, as it is called, has been singularly successful in stripping the Psalms of their life and power. The diction is mostly of the tamest kind, trickt out with tarnisht ornaments. The poetical as well as the religious spirit of the original has almost entirely evaporated. At times the meaning is grossly perverted. This judgement is not that of a single individual. It was pronounced by Bishop Beveridge, when the New Version was first publisht. It was pronounced by Bishop Horsley, at the end of the last century. The verdict of every qualified judge has concurred with theirs. Many have avowed a decided preference for the Old Version. Many have spoken of a good poetical Version of the Psalms as an impossibility.

Such was pretty much my own opinion, when I first engaged in the work, the fruits of which are here laid before the Church. My design at that time was merely to select those passages from the two authorized Versions, which appeared best adapted for Christian worship, with such alterations as might seem requisite, to get rid of the most objectionable expressions, and to give each separate portion something of unity. It was confined to doing for the use of my own parish, what has already been done for other parishes a hundred times over. In executing

this task, I was led to examine the Version used by the Church of Scotland. Few who ever heard the late Edward Irving read passages of that Version, can have forgotten the sublime effect which they produced. A noble version in truth it is, in many respects. It has the plainness, the simplicity, with much of the majesty of the original, and might be deemed almost perfect, as a version designed for public worship, unless it had been composed with a strange disregard of grammar, idiom, rhythm, and metre. A hope however was excited in me, that it might be possible to retain a large portion of the merits of the Scotch Version, and yet to remove its defects. By the advice of my friends I have been induced to publish a few copies of the present Selection, that it may be submitted to the judgement of the Church. So, through God's blessing, may it perhaps be allowed to contribute toward an object, which every true son of our Church must have at heart, the supplying our people with fit words to sing the praises of God.

My view being directed solely to public worship, I have merely selected such parts of the Psalms as appeared to me best suited for that purpose; and have endeavoured to make each part a whole, to give each something like unity and entireness, yet without greatly exceeding the usual length of the portions sung in our churches. One evil

under the present practice is, that, no definite portions of the Psalms being markt out in our Prayerbooks,—or at least no regard being paid to the divisions there introduced,—three or four or five verses of a Psalm are chosen, often with little connexion, still oftener without a beginning or ending. Even where the minister exercises a discreet judgement in the choice, the reasons which influenced him are not apparent to the congregation; which is a great obstacle to their fully understanding and feeling what they are singing. To this end it is no slight help, that each portion should stand as a whole before the eye, after the manner of the portions of Scripture selected for the Epistles and Gospels. Hence this principle is generally followed in modern selections, even in that publisht by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge.

In one instance, the Second Version of the 136th Psalm, taken with slight alterations from Milton's, the portion does somewhat exceed the ordinary limits. But I could not bring myself to omit more of that grand poem, which would be greatly injured, if it were broken up, and the beginning severed from the conclusion. When it is sung however, two or three of the verses in the middle may easily be left out. In like manner, if it be thought that singing six verses lengthens the service too much, one or two may mostly be omitted, without much injury. My aim

was to omit hardly anything, except what seemed ill-suited for congregational worship. In the 80th Psalm, the passage in the middle, about the Vine, seemed to form a beautiful whole by itself: while the first part of the Psalm is more closely connected with the conclusion. In the 70th, one of the verses has been transposed: it seemed to me more appropriate for a congregation to rise from a personal prayer for deliverance, to a prayer for the triumph and glory of the Church, than to fall back again after the latter to its own individual distress; although in a private prayer, like that of the Psalmist, there may be a peculiar force and propriety in the recurrence to personal wants.

The portions of the Psalms, which are usually sung, being so short, it seemed especially requisite to condense the original, rather than to expand it after the manner of the authorized Versions. Their practice arose necessarily from the rule, which they follow much too uniformly, of turning each verse of the original into a stanza. Hence the thoughts, which, from the parallelistic system of Hebrew poetry, were already exprest with ample fulness in the original, are very often overladen with an accumulation of words, which in the Old Version are an idle surplusage, in the New tawdry bombast. To take an instance almost at random, the third verse of the 95th Psalm, — *For the*

Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods,—is diluted in the Old Version into

For *why?* the Lord *he* is no doubt
A great *and mighty* God,
A King above all gods *throughout,*
In all the world abroad.

In the New Version it is thus puft out :

For God, the Lord, *enthroned in state,*
Is with unrivaled glory great ;
A King *superior far to all*
Whom gods the heathens falsely call.

Is it to be wondered at that verses of this kind should awaken no devotion in those who have to sing them?

As to the style or diction, the same principle is enjoined at once by reverence for the sanctity, and by a right feeling for the sublimity of the original. Sacred poetry ought to have the simplicity of Palestrina's music, of Fra Angelico's and Perugino's painting. I have done my best to preserve that simplicity, unencumbered by modern poetical ornaments, which are as much out of place in a version of the Psalms, as a bunch of ribbons would be dangling from a star. I have been desirous too of retaining the very words of our prose translations, chiefly of that in the authorized Bible, not only because the language of that age has a purity and freshness, which fit it for sacred poetry, while that

in the translation of the Psalms more especially is plain and clear to the simplest understanding; but also from a wish that the lower orders, — for whom such a work is mainly designed, and to whom it would be of the highest value, — may find nothing in it to jar with what they read in their Bible and Prayerbook, but may even be led to love the very words the more, from having them impress on their memory by metre, and by the practice of singing them in church. Perhaps too a simple version of the Psalms might supply the children both of the rich and poor with wholesomer and more nourishing food than a large part of the Hymns they are accustomed to learn.

As these verses however are especially designed for singing, I have studied, wherever it could be done without sacrificing more important objects, so to select and arrange the words, as to get syllables on which the voice can dwell, wherever the tune requires it. For instance, *raise* has often been substituted for *lift*, *plaine* for *put* or *set*, where otherwise I would rather have retained the word of our prose Translation. Hence the same word is frequently repeated, where a nice critic would have varied his language. To this point few of our song-writers, except Mr Moore, pay sufficient attention: and this is one of the reasons why his songs are so popular: they are so easy to sing.

A matter of far greater delicacy and diffi-

culty was to determine how far it is expedient to bring out the spiritual meaning of the Psalms more prominently than it is brought out in the original. This is a question on which there will be much diversity of opinion. Were it not for the specific end for which the Version is designed, it would doubtless be desirable, as in all translations, to give a faithful representation of the original, reflecting the exact shades of feeling, with the utmost attainable accuracy. But the immediate purpose of the Version being to express the devotional feelings of a Christian congregation, the problem becomes more complicated. Thus much is clear, that the expression of those feelings should be plain, direct, and free from ambiguity. Hence I have thought myself bound to make it everywhere apparent that the enemies from whom we pray to be preserved are our spiritual enemies, that the deliverance we desire is from our sins. On the other hand it did not appear to me advisable to transform the Psalms into Christian Hymns, rejoicing in the fulfilment of that which the Psalmists prophetically anticipate; as Watts and others have done. Such a change turns the version into a paraphrase, destroys the character of the Psalms, by reversing their point of view, and produces a disjointed incongruous medley: for no one can fancy that David, had he lived after the coming of Christ, would have been contented with speaking of Christ, as

he has done when seeing Him from afar in the vision of the Almighty. For this reason I have avoided using the name of Christ, the use of that name being a mark of the distinction between the Christian and the antechristian age of the world, and implying a distinct perception of the Incarnation, and of all that the incarnate Word did for man, while He dwelt upon earth.

I have entered into this explanation of the principles which have guided me in this work, because my reason for publishing it, as I have already said, is to submit it to the judgement of the Church. Many of my brethren in the ministry, I well know, would be glad to have a tolerably satisfactory Version of the Psalms for the use of their own congregations. Such a work, like everything liturgical, should be a joint, a catholic work. If any of them think that this object is at all forwarded by this volume, if any think that the Versions here collected may form the foundation of a national Psalmbook, I shall feel sincerely thankful to such as will take sufficient interest in the matter, to send me any suggestions for its improvement, whether with regard to the general principles of its execution, or to the details: and such suggestions shall receive an attentive and respectful consideration. Should any number of opinions express themselves favorably, a corrected edition might hereafter be laid before the episcopal bench, in the hope of ob-

taining their allowance for its use in church, or in order that such further steps may be taken as are requisite to gain the sanction of authority. For the present I have merely ventured to solicit the permission of my own diocesan to dedicate this little volume to him; and I avail myself of this opportunity to thank him for the gracious kindness with which that permission was granted.

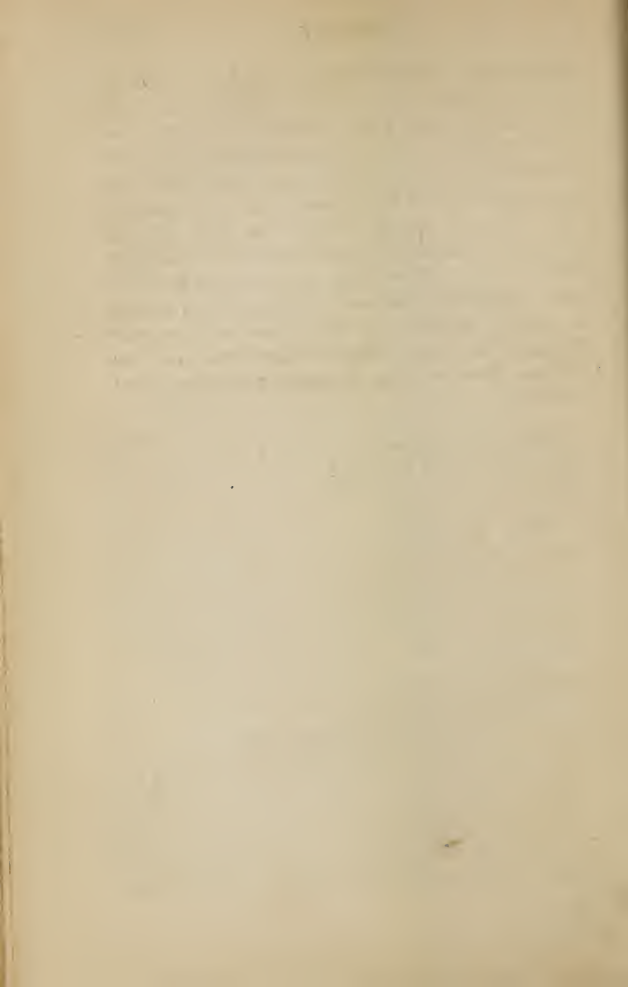
Already indeed this Collection is in some sort a catholic work. I have thought myself fully justified in making the freest use of former Versions, in taking whatever appeared good in them, and in altering what I took, according to the best of my judgment. They who write for the Church bring their offerings according to their ability, and must feel happy if any part of those offerings be made use of for the building of the tabernacle. From the New Version I have not been able to gain much help; more from the Old Version. But it is to the Version used by the Church of Scotland that this Collection is chiefly indebted. There is scarcely a Psalm in which it has not offered me some useful hints: many have been incorporated from it, with slight modifications. Throughout I have consulted the excellent Version of George Sandys, who has suggested several words and turns of expression; and the Second Versions of the 67th and 98th Psalms are his. I would gladly have taken more; but, great as is the merit

of his work, it departs rather too much from the original for the end I had in view. The Second Version of the 136th Psalm, it has been already stated, is from Milton. For the understanding of difficult passages, I have derived great assistance from Ewald's excellent translation.

This volume was nearly half printed, when I learnt that a new poetical Version of the Psalms by the author of the *Christian Year* was on the eve of being published. Ten or twelve years ago a report reached me that he was about to engage in such a task; and I was glad, as every lover of his beautiful hymns must be, that a work of such importance to the Church had been undertaken by one in many respects so well qualified for it. Years however past away, and I heard no more of the undertaking. Else I should not have exposed myself to the charge of presumption, by doing what might seem to imply a thought of entering into rivalry with a writer so justly endeared to the reverential affections of all the good. As it is, let me be allowed to disclaim such an imputation. Had I known earlier that Mr Keble's work was in the press, mine would at all events have been kept back, until his had appeared. To judge from the character of the *Christian Year*, his purpose may perhaps have been different from mine. It may be that his Version will rather be adapted to the meditative devotion of refined minds, than to the

solemn simplicity of public worship. Should his aim have been to render the Psalms into English verse in such a manner as to come home to the hearts of all the people, he will doubtless have executed his task with far more skill than I have done. In that case no one will feel more grateful to him than I shall; no one will rejoice more cordially in his success. Nor shall I ever regret the time spent on this work, although to others it may be useless: for whatever of labour or thought or love may be bestowed on the Psalms, is sure to be its own exceeding great reward.

*Herstmonceux Rectory,
Saint John Baptist's Day, 1839.*



P S A L M S.

PSALM I.

How blessed is the man, who ne'er
Will with th' ungodly walk;
Nor tread the sinner's path, nor stand
Where scorners proudly talk!

But in God's pure and holy law
He taketh full delight,
And loves to feed and train his soul
Therewith by day and night.

He shall be like a tree, that near
A river spreads its shade,
And in its season bears its fruit:
His leaf shall never fade.

And whatsoever he takes in hand
Shall meet with glad success;
For God beholds the just man's ways,
And will his doings bless.

PSALM II.

WHY do the nations madly plot?
 Why thus together run
 In fruitless rage against the Lord
 And His anointed Son?

The Lord who dwells on high hath said,
I on my holy hill
Will raise my chosen King, to teach
My law, and do my will.

Whate'er Thou askest I will grant:
The heathen shall be Thine;
And Thy dominion shall extend
To earth's remotest line.

Be wise, ye kings; learn wisdom, ye
 Who to the earth give law:
 Bow down and serve the Lord with fear;
 Rejoice with holy awe.

O kiss the Son, lest from the way
 Ye perish in your lust.
 If once His wrath burn . . . blest are they
 In Him who place their trust.

PSALM III.

O LORD how are my foes increast !
My sins against me rise :
They murmur to my soul, *For thee*
In God no succour lies.

But Thou my Shield and Glory art :
Thou dost uphold my head.
I cried ; and from His holy mount
Jehovah answer made.

I laid me down, and slept : I woke :
For God, I knew, was nigh.
I will not fear, though hosts of foes
Around me fiercely cry.

Salvation to the Lord belongs :
He only can deliver.
His blessing o'er His people rests,
And dwells with them for ever.

PSALM IV.

O HEAR me, when to Thee I call,
 Thou God of righteousness !
 Hear, and have mercy, Thou who freest
 My soul from all distress !

Ye sons of men, God chooses out
 The godly for his own.
 Whene'er to Him I make my cry,
 He hears me from His throne.

Go seek your chamber ; search your hearts ;
 Talk with them ; and be still :
 Let righteousness your offering be :
 Fear, and refrain from ill.

O who will shew us any good ?
 The faithless many say.
 But let me see Thy face, O Lord :
 It will be always day.

When Thou dost shine on me, I find
 More joy within my breast,
 Than they whose corn and wine and oil
 Have plenteously increast.

In peace will I lay down my head,
 And rest in quiet sleep :
 For Thou in safety from my foes
 Alone my soul canst keep.

PSALM V.

GIVE ear, O Lord, to my complaint:
Behold my inward sighs.

To Thee each morn in patient faith
My longing prayer shall rise.

For Thou, O Lord, art not a god
That can in wrong delight:
No evil thing can dwell with Thee:
Fools stand not in Thy sight.

But I into Thy house will come,
Brought thither by Thy grace;
And there will worship in Thy fear,
Before Thy holy face.

O lead me in Thy righteousness!
Uphold me by Thy might!
While snares belay me round, make straight
Thy way before my sight.

Let all who trust in Thee be glad,
And shouting raise their voice,
Because Thou savest them: let all
Who love Thy name rejoice.

For on the righteous Thou, O Lord,
Thy blessing wilt outpour;
And with Thy favour, like a shield,
Preserve him evermore.

PSALM VI.

REBUKE me not in wrath, O Lord ;
Nor pour Thine anger on my head.
O spare me ; for I am so weak :
Heal me ; my bones all ache with dread.

My heart with anguish waxeth faint :
How long wilt Thou my soul forsake ?
Return, O Lord, and set me free ;
Preserve me for Thy mercy's sake.

When dead in sin, who thinks on Thee ?
Or who can praise Thee in that grave ?
I am aweary with my groans :
All night with tears Thy aid I crave.

Away, ye wicked doers all !
For God hath heard my mournful cry :
My supplication He hath heard :
My prayer He 'll answer graciously.

PSALM VII.

O SAVE me, Lord, from all my foes !
 In Thee I place my trust ;
 From those who to devour my soul,
 Like hungry lions, lust.

The congregation of Thy saints
 Shall gather at Thy word.
 Return on high, shew forth Thy might,
 Before their eyes, O Lord.

Cast down the unholy powers of sin ;
 And be the just man's guide :
 By Thee, whose name is Righteousness,
 The heart and reins are tried.

In God, who saves the true of heart,
 Is my defense and stay :
 A patient Judge is He, though men
 Provoke Him day by day.

According to His righteousness
 His name I'll magnify,
 And joyful praises daily sing
 To Him who is Most High.

PSALM VIII.

How excellent through all the earth,
 Jehovah, is Thy name !
 Thy glory Thou hast throned on high,
 Above the starry frame.

E'en by the mouths of speechless babes
 Thy foes Thou dost reprove :
 For in those babes Thy power is seen,
 In them we trace thy love.

When I behold the mighty heavens,
 The work of Thy right hand,
 The sun, the moon, and all the stars,
 Which rose at Thy command ;

Lord, what is man, that Thou for him
 So bountifully carest ?
 Or what the son of man, that Thou
 To him such kindness bearest ?

Next to the angels him Thou madest,
 With glory crowned and worth,
 To have dominion o'er Thy works,
 O'er all that breathes on earth.

Yea, what is man, that God Himself
 In mercy to him came ?
 O Lord our God, how full of grace
 Is Thy all-holy name !

PSALM IX.

WITH my whole heart I'll praise Thee, Lord,
 Thy wondrous works proclaim;
 To Thee I'll sing, in Thee rejoice,
 And magnify Thy name.

God shall endure for aye: His throne
 For judgement He doth raise,
 To judge the world in righteousness:
 All men His truth shall praise.

He is a Guardian to th' opprest,
 When compast round with woes;
 And they who know His name, in Him
 Shall all their hope repose.

For Thou hast ne'er forsaken those
 Who truly seek Thy face.
 O praise the Lord of Sion! tell
 The nations of His grace!

The humble cry He ne'er forgets:
 Have mercy, Lord, on me!
 Remember all my troubles, Thou,
 From death who setst me free.

Then in Thine own Jerusalem
 I will shew forth Thy praise;
 In Thy salvation I'll rejoice,
 And serve Thee all my days.

PSALM X.

O WHEREFORE is it, Lord, that Thou
So far away art gone?

O wherefore hidest Thou Thy face,
When woes come rushing on?

Arise, O Lord our God! arise!
Stretch forth Thine arm on high;
Nor cast the sorrows of the poor
Out from Thy memory.

The Lord throughout all time is King:
The humble He will hear:
Their hearts by trials He prepares,
And to their plaint gives ear.

He'll judge the fatherless and poor,
And help them to their right:
Nor shall they longer be trod down
By men of worldly might.

PSALM XI.

IN God I place my trust and hope.

Why fear ye so, and cry?—

Fly to the mountains, as a bird

Doth from the fowler fly.

This is God's temple; here He dwells:

His throne 's in heaven above:

His eyes behold the sons of men;

Their hearts His eyelids prove.

The righteous, in His laws who walk,

Find favour in His sight:

But sin His soul abhors, and all

In sin who take delight.

For as the Lord all-righteous is,

He loveth righteousness;

And with the glory of His face

The upright He will bless.

PSALM XIII.

How long wilt Thou forget me, Lord ?
Must I for ever mourn ?
Wilt Thou still hide Thy face from me,
And nevermore return ?

O Lord my God, behold me now ;
Behold, and answer make :
My eyes enlighten, lest the sleep
Of death my soul o'ertake.

In Thy great mercy, Lord, my hope
And trust I wholly place :
My heart within me shall rejoice
In Thy redeeming grace.

Yea, to the Lord my God I'll sing,
And praise Him joyfully ;
Because His overflowing love
Shall be poured out on me.

PSALM XV.

WITHIN Thy tabernacle, Lord,
 Who shall abide with Thee ?
 Upon Thy high and holy hill
 Who shall a dweller be ?

The man who walketh pure in faith,
 And worketh righteousness ;
 Who what he beareth in his heart,
 Doth in his words express ;

Who will not slander with his tongue,
 Nor do his neighbour hurt ;
 Who ne'er against his neighbour's fame
 Takes up an ill report ;

Who shuns the reprobate, and cleaves
 To those that fear the Lord ;
 He who, although it bring him loss,
 Ne'er swerveth from his word.

Whoso doth these things faithfully,
 And still abides thereby,
 The Lord will shield him from all harm :
 His soul shall never die.

PSALM XVI.

THE living God my portion is,
 And my inheritance.
 His mercy shall preserve my lot
 Secure from all mischance.

In goodly ground my lot is fallen :
 My heritage is fair.
 My soul shall always bless the Lord
 For His so loving care.

I keep Him faithfully in eye :
 Him as my Guide I've loved :
 At my right hand He ever stands :
 How can I then be moved ?

Therefore my heart and soul rejoice ;
 My joy aloud I breathe ;
 My flesh shall rest in peaceful hope,
 E'en in the land of death.

For why? Thou wilt not leave my soul
 To moulder in the grave ;
 Thou from corruption and decay
 Thy Holy One wilt save.

Thou'lt lead me in the path of life :
 Joys stand in plenteous store
 Before Thy face : at Thy right hand
 Are pleasures evermore.

PSALM XVII.

HOLD my goings straight, O Lord !
Guide me in Thy paths divine :
Suffer not my feet to fail
In that holy law of Thine.

I have called on Thee, O God !
For, I know, my cry Thou 'lt hear.
Hearken to my earnest words :
To my prayer incline Thine ear.

Shew Thy lovingkindness forth,
Thou who by Thy mighty hand
Savest all that trust in Thee,
Though their foes around them stand.

Like the apple of the eye,
Keep me ; shade me with Thy wing :
Shield me from my cruel foes,
Who my death are compassing.

Yes, Thou 'lt save me, Lord: Thy face
Clothed in glory I shall see :
In Thy likeness when I wake,
Full of joy my soul shall be.

PSALM XVIII.

FIRST PART.

MY soul shall love Thee, Lord, my Strength ;
 My Fortress is the Lord ;
 My living Rock : against my foes
 He keepeth watchful guard.

God is my Tower,—in Him I trust,—
 The Bulwark of my life :
 He raiseth up my horn on high ;
 My Strength in day of strife.

To Thee, O Lord, whose name is Praise,
 With humble voice I'll cry :
 So shall my soul be calm and safe
 From every enemy.

The pangs of death encompass me ;
 Sin smote me with its fears ;
 The pains of hell about me thronged ;
 Death round me threw its snares.

In my distress I called on God ;
 To God I made my moan :
 And He gave ear to my complaint,
 And heard me from His throne.

PSALM XVIII.

SECOND PART.

THE Lord descended from above :
 He bowed the heavens on high ;
 And underneath His feet He cast
 The darkness of the sky.

On Cherubim and Seraphim
 Full royally He rode ;
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.

At His bright coming every cloud
 Did from His face retire ;
 When He sent forth His mighty voice,—
 Hailstones, and coals of fire.

He drew me from the place of dread,
 Where many waters roll :
 He saved me from the fearful power
 Of them who hate my soul.

He brought me to a place of rest,
 Wherein I might be free :
 He brought me forth ; for so He willed
 To shew His love in me.

PSALM XVIII.

THIRD PART.

THOU to the gracious gracious art,
 To upright men upright,
 Pure to the pure ; but from the proud
 Thou drawest back Thy light.

The humble Thou wilt always save,
 When they in trouble lie ;
 But bringest down the soaring looks
 Of those whose thoughts are high.

My lamp the Lord will kindle so,
 Its flame shall brightly shine :
 My darkness into light He'll turn,
 Yea, into light divine.

The way of God is straight and pure ;
 His word by fire is tried :
 A Shield of might is He to all
 Who in His grace confide.

For who is God except the Lord ?
 Who is a rock or stay ?
 'Tis He that girds my soul with strength ;
 He perfect makes my way.

PSALM XVIII.

FOURTH PART.

God liveth. Blessed be my Rock!
To God, my Saviour, praise!
Who watcheth o'er me with His care,
And guardeth all my days.

Thou savest me from all my foes:
Yea, Thou hast lifted me
Above their rage; and from the man
Of wrath hast set me free.

Wherefore to Thee will I give thanks
Amid the heathen throng;
And to Thy high and holy name
Pour forth a joyful song.

Thou bringst salvation to Thy King;
And Thou hast grace in store
For Thine Anointed, and his seed,
O Lord, for evermore.

PSALM XIX.

FIRST PART.

THE heavens declare Thy works; the sky,
 Lord, with Thy glory glows:
 Day tells Thy praise to day; and night
 To night Thy wisdom shews.

No speech is found, no tongue, whereto
 Their voice hath not gone forth:
 Their sound is heard through air and sea,
 And through the peopled earth.

There for the sun a home He made,
 Who bridegroom-like doth pace
 Forth from his chamber, crowned with light,
 In joy to run his race.

From heaven's far end he goeth forth,
 Round to the end again:
 And nothing lives that by his heat
 Uncherisht can remain.

PSALM XIX.

SECOND PART.

God's law is perfect, and restores
The soul in sin that lies :
His testimony is most sure,
And makes the simple wise.

The statutes of the Lord are just,
And give the heart delight :
The Lord's commandment is all-pure,
And fills the eyes with light.

The fear of God is free from guile,
And shall for ever last :
The judgements of the Lord are true,
And righteously stand fast.

Not all the gold from Ophir's mines
Against their worth can weigh :
No honey from the honeycomb
Is half so sweet as they.

By them too is Thy servant taught
How he his ways must guard :
And in the doing of Thy law
There is a great reward.

PSALM XIX.

THIRD PART.

HIS errors who can understand?
 Cleanse me, O Lord, within
From secret faults; Thy servant keep
 From all presumptuous sin.

Let no such evil things e'er gain
 Dominion over me:
Then pure from all defiling stain,
 And upright shall I be.

The words that from my mouth come forth,
 The thoughts that fill my heart,
Vouchsafe to make them Thine, O Lord,
 Thou who my Saviour art.

PSALM XX.

JEHOVAH, hear us in our need !
 Thy name our bulwark be !
 From Sion send us help and strength,
 From Thine own sanctuary.

Accept our humble sacrifice,
 And grant our heart's desire :
 Fulfill our thoughts ; but first those thoughts
 Thyself, O Lord, inspire.

Our banners in Thy holy name
 We will display abroad :
 In Thy salvation we will joy ;
 Hear Thou our prayers, O God.

The Lord will His Anointed save :
 He hears from heaven on high ;
 And stretching forth His mighty arm,
 Gives him the victory.

In chariots some would place their hope,
 And some in horses trust :
 But we upon our God rely,
 The Holy and the Just.

We rise and lift our heads on high ;
 While they bow down and fall.
 O save and help us, Lord our King,
 When we upon Thee call !

PSALM XXI.

THE King in Thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall mightily rejoice :
 For Thou upon him hast bestowed
 His heart's desire and choice.

Yea, Thou surpassest his desires,
 With gifts of bounteous grace :
 Thy hand on his anointed head
 A crown of gold doth place.

When Thou didst save him by Thy power,
 His fame Thou madest great :
 Glory and majesty through Thee
 Around his goings wait.

For Thou wilt grant him stores of joy,
 That never shall decay ;
 And with the brightness of Thy face
 Wilt cheer him day by day.

Because the King his trust and hope
 Upon the Lord hath cast :
 So through the grace of the Most High
 His throne shall still stand fast.

Be Thou exalted in Thy might !
 Be Thou exalted high !
 And we, O Lord, with joyful hearts,
 Thy power will glorify.

PSALM XXII.

FIRST PART.

My God, my God, O why hast Thou
Forsaken me thus utterly?
And art so far from yielding aid?
And turnest from my moaning cry?

To Thee all day I raise my voice;
But Thou regardest not my plaint:
And through the wakeful night I groan,
Till heart and soul and flesh grow faint.

But Thou abidest holy still,
O Thou, the Hope of Israel!
Our fathers hoped in Thee; they hoped;
And all their foes before them fell.

When to Thy throne they sent their cry,
To them a glad deliverance came.
Because in Thee they placed their trust,
Thou wouldst not let them sink in shame.

PSALM XXII.

SECOND PART.

THOU drewst me from my mother's womb :
When on my mother's breasts I lay,
Thou wast my Hope : Thou art my God,
Since first I saw the light of day.

O be not now far from me, Lord !
For woes are near ; and none will aid :
Deliver from the sword my soul,
My spirit from death's whelming shade.

Then will I in my brethren's ears
The triumphs of Thy grace record :
The congregation shall exalt
Thy name, O Thou the living Lord !

For Thou despisest not the poor,
Nor from them turnst away Thy face :
Thou lookest on their low estate,
And hearest when they cry for grace.

PSALM XXII.

THIRD PART.

WHEN all Thy congregation meet
To worship Thee, Thy praise I'll sing :
When they who fear Thee gather round,
My vows I'll pay, my offerings bring.

The meek shall eat, and shall be filled.
They who seek God with holy dread,
With joy shall glorify His name :
Their souls shall by His grace be fed.

The whole wide earth shall call to mind
His goodness, and adore the Lord ;
And all the nations of mankind
Shall bow before His mighty Word.

Because the kingdom is the Lord's ;
All power and might belong to Him ;
And He above all nations reigns,
Who rules the starry Seraphim.

PSALM XXIII.

THE living God my Shepherd is:
 Nought can I ever need.
 To pastures green He leads me forth,
 By quiet streams to feed.

He quickens and renews my soul,
 And guides me in the ways
 Of righteousness and holy truth,
 That I His name shall praise.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
 Yet will I fear no ill:
 Thy rod and staff shall comfort me;
 For Thou art with me still.

My table Thou hast richly spread,
 In presence of my foes:
 My head with oil Thou dost anoint;
 Through Thee my cup o'erflows.

Thy grace and mercy all my life
 Will surely follow me;
 And in Thy house for evermore
 My dwellingplace shall be.

PSALM XXIV.

FIRST PART.

THE earth belongeth to the Lord,
With all that fills its plains :
The compass of the world is His,
And all that world contains.

For He its deep foundations cast,
And laid them on the sea :
He built it o'er the rolling waves,
So fast, it cannot flee.

What man is he, that shall ascend
Into the hill of God ?
And who within His holy place
Shall find a sure abode ?

E'en he whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose soul no stains defile,
Who ne'er strayed after vanity,
Nor ever swore to guile.

He from Jehovah shall receive
A blessing on his soul,
And righteousness from th' holy God,
Who only maketh whole.

PSALM XXIV.

SECOND PART.

YE gates and everlasting doors,
 Lift up your heads on high ;
 That so the King of Glory may
 Come in triumphantly.

Who is the King of Glory? who?
 The mighty Lord is He ;
 Jehovah, in the battle strong,
 And crowned with victory.

Ye gates and everlasting doors,
 Lift up your heads on high ;
 That so the King of Glory may
 Come in triumphantly.

But who is He, that is the King
 Of Glory? who is He?
 The Lord of Hosts. He can alone
 The King of Glory be.

PSALM XXV.

FIRST PART.

To Thee I raise my heart :
My God, I trust in Thee :
Let not my foes confound my soul,
Nor triumph over me.

Shew me Thy ways, O Lord ;
Teach me Thy paths to know ;
And lead me in Thy truth ; for Thou
Salvation dost bestow.

On Thee all day I wait :
Thy grace do Thou uphold :
Blot not Thy lovingkindness out,
Which ever was of old.

The Lord to sinners shews
His ways ; so kind is He :
The meek in righteousness He'll guide ;
And they His paths shall see.

Eternal Truth and Love,
These are God's holy ways,
Tow'rd him who keeps His covenant,
And who His Law obeys.

PSALM XXV.

SECOND PART.

Who is the man that serves
 The Lord with holy awe?
 The Lord will teach him how to walk,
 And how to keep His law.

His soul shall dwell at ease;
 His children God will bless:
 They long shall flourish, and the land
 From age to age possess.

To those who fear Him, God
 His secret truth will shew:
 The knowledge of His covenant
 He will on them bestow.

My eyes upon the Lord
 Unwaveringly are set:
 For He alone can e'er bring forth
 My feet from Satan's net.

O keep my soul from harm!
 My God, deliver me;
 And let me not be brought to shame;
 Because I trust in Thee.

Let uprightness and truth
 On all my ways attend:
 Deliver Israel, O God!
 Let all their sorrows end.

PSALM XXVI.

SEARCH me, and prove my heart ;
 Try Thou my soul, O God !
 Thy love is aye before my eyes ;
 Thy holy paths I 've trod.

My hands in innocence
 I'll wash and purify :
 So to Thine altar will I come,
 And raise my song on high.

Of all Thy wondrous works
 With thankful voice I'll tell.
 I love the holy place, O Lord,
 Where Thou vouchsafest to dwell.

Cast not my soul with those
 Who sin and thirst for blood :
 Deliver me ; I'll strive to do
 What in Thine eyes is good.

My foot is firmly placed :
 It standeth in Thy word :
 In the assembly of Thy saints
 I'll praise Thy name, O Lord.

PSALM XXVII.

FIRST PART.

JEHOVAH is my Light and Health :
 How can I be dismayed ?
 God is my Life ; God is my Strength :
 I will not be afraid.

Against me though a host encamp,
 My heart no fear shall know :
 Though wars encompass me around,
 Right onward I will go.

O might I in God's house aye dwell !
 This is my sole desire ;
 That I His beauty may behold,
 His holy will enquire.

For He will hide me in His tent,
 When troubles round me flock ;
 Yea, hide me in His secret place,
 And plant me on a rock.

And now He will upraise my head
 Above my foes around :
 To Him my offerings I shall bring,
 With joy's triumphal sound.

PSALM XXVII.

SECOND PART.

LORD, hear me, when to Thee I cry :
 Send me Thy saving grace.
 Thou badst me seek Thy face : Yea, Lord !
 My soul shall seek Thy face.

O hide not Thou Thy face from me !
 Nor cast me off in wrath :
 My helper Thou hast always been ;
 Give me not o'er to death.

My parents may forsake their child ;
 But God upholds me still.
 O teach and guide me in Thy way ;
 Help me to do Thy will.

My fainting soul had wholly sunk,
 But this supported me,—
 The hope that in the land of life
 Thy goodness I shall see.

Wait on the Lord ; and be thou strong ;
 And He will strength afford
 To cheer thy heart : yea, wait, I say,
 And trust thou in the Lord.

PSALM XXVIII.

To Thee I call, O Lord, my Strength!
 Despise not Thou my cry;
 Lest I become like one of those
 In death's cold shade who lie.

With sinners cast me not away,
 Who deal in guileful arts,
 Who to their neighbours speak fair words,
 But hate them in their hearts.

Yes, God has heard my humble prayer:
 All-blessed be His name!
 He is my Strength, my Shield, my Hope:
 He rescues me from shame.

Therefore my heart o'erflows with joy;
 I'll praise Him in my song:
 By Him His chosen are preserved,
 And through His might are strong.

Watch o'er Thy people, gracious Lord:
 Bless Thine inheritance:
 Feed them with truth; and make them still
 From strength to strength advance.

PSALM XXIX.

ASCRIBE, ye mighty of the earth,
 All power and honour to the Lord :
 With holy reverence worship Him ;
 And bow before His glorious Word.

The Lord is He that rules the waves :
 The God of might and majesty
 Sends forth the thunder : yea, the Lord
 Alone reigns over land and sea.

The Lord's voice is an awful voice :
 It rends the cedar-trees in twain :
 It makes the lofty mountains leap,
 Like calves that bound upon the plain.

The Lord's voice shoots out forked fire :
 Rent by its sound, the desert heaves :
 It makes the hinds bring forth their young,
 And bares the forest of its leaves.

Above the waterfloods God sits :
 He reigns ; His reign shall never cease.
 Jehovah gives His people strength :
 Jehovah gives His people peace.

PSALM XXX.

FIRST PART.

LORD ! I will magnify Thy name ;
For Thou hast raised my horn on high.
Thou wouldst not make my foes rejoice,
But heardest when I breathed my cry.

My soul from hell Thou broughtest forth ;
Thou didst redeem me from the grave.
Sing praises to the Lord, His saints,
To Him whose arm is strong to save.

His wrath but for a moment burns :
Life's fulness in His favour lies :
Through one short night may sorrow last ;
But joy with morning's dawn will rise.

PSALM XXX.

SECOND PART.

IN my prosperity I said,
My house is safe, and ne'er shall move.
For Thou hadst made my mountain stand
So strong by Thy upholding love.

But Thou didst turn Thy face away;
And troubles round about me flowed.
Whereon to Thee, O Lord, I cried,
And low before Thine altar bowed.

What profit hast Thou in my blood,
When in the silent grave I lie?
Shall mouldering bones exalt Thy name?
Shall dust declare Thy truth on high?

Then Thou didst help me, O my God;
My sorrows melted at Thy word:
My sackcloth Thou didst take away;
My heart and soul with gladness gird.

Wherefore to Thee, O Lord my God,
Loud praises I will always sing:
My tongue shall ne'er in silence sleep,
But daily glad thank-offerings bring.

PSALM XXXI.

FIRST PART.

O LET me not be brought to shame,
 My God! I trust in Thee :
 According to Thy righteousness,
 Haste and deliver me.

Thou art my Rock of might : Thy power
 For my stronghold I take :
 Guide me and lead me in Thy ways,
 E'en for Thine own name's sake.

Draw me out safely from the net
 My crafty foes have laid,
 To snare my soul : Thou art my Strength ;
 Thou art my only Aid.

Into Thy hands I do commend
 My spirit, God of truth :
 For Thou, Jehovah, hast redeemed
 And saved me from my youth.

Thou wouldst not let Thy servant fall
 By the destroyer's hand :
 Through Thy redeeming mighty grace,
 At large and free I stand.

PSALM XXXI.

SECOND PART.

MY hope, O Lord, hath been in Thee :
 Thou art my God, I said :
 My days are wholly in Thy hand :
 Preserve me by Thine aid.

What plenteous love hast Thou in store
 For those who worship Thee !
 What wonders hast Thou wrought for them,
 That all mankind may see !

Thou by Thy presence hidest them
 From proud assaults and wrongs :
 Thou shielded them, as in a tent,
 From strife of railing tongues.

Blessed be God ! His goodness girds
 My soul, as with a wall.
I'm cast out from His sight, I said ;
 And yet He heard my call.

O love the Lord, all ye His saints !
 The faithful He'll defend :
 Be full of courage; to your hearts
 His comfort He will send.

PSALM XXXII.

FIRST PART.

BLEST, truly blest is he,
 Whose guilt free pardon gains,
 To whom the Lord imputes no sin,
 Whose soul no falsehood stains!

While I concealed my sin
 In silence and constraint,
 My bones were wasting fast away,
 With daily moan and plaint.

For on me day and night
 Thy hand lay heavily :
 My flesh, like fields in summer's drouth,
 Was waxing parcht and dry.

Then I confest my sin,
 Nor tried to shun its blame ;
 And Thou, O Lord, forgavest me,
 And veiledst o'er my shame.

Thee shall the godly seek,
 While Thou mayst still be found :
 And so they shall not sink, though floods
 Swellwhelmingly around.

PSALM XXXII.

SECOND PART.

THOU art my Refuge, Lord!
From woe Thou'lt set me free:
With songs of glad deliverance Thou
Around wilt compass me.

Yea, Thou wilt teach my soul,
How I shall walk aright;
And Thou wilt guide me with 'Thine eye
Along the path of light.

Be not like horse and mule,
That cannot understand;
Whose mouth the rein and curb must hold,
Or else they fly the hand.

Sorrows on sorrows piled
The wicked shall confound:
But him who trusteth in the Lord,
Shall mercy compass round.

Be glad, ye just, in God:
In His great name rejoice:
All ye whose hearts are pure and true,
For joy upraise your voice.

PSALM XXXIII.

FIRST PART.

YE just, in God rejoice:
 For meet it is and right,
 That all his saints with praiseful voice
 Should bless the Lord of might.

For why? His word is straight:
 His works in truth are wrought:
 He loveth righteousness: the earth
 Is with His goodness fraught.

By His almighty word
 The highest heavens were made;
 And at the breathing of his mouth
 The stars their hosts displayed.

The waters of the seas
 He gathers in a heap;
 And in His storehouse lays them by,
 In the unfathomed deep.

Let all that dwell on earth,
 With awe adore the Lord:
 For He but spake; and lo, 'twas done:
 It sprang forth at His word.

The counsels of the Lord
 For evermore shall last:
 His holy thoughts and purposes
 From age to age stand fast.

PSALM XXXIII.

SECOND PART.

How blest are they who know
Jehovah for their God !
How blest the people He doth choose
To dwell in His abode !

The Lord from heaven looks down,
The sons of men to view :
From His own dwelling-place on high
He scans them through and through.

'Tis He who framed their hearts :
He all their deeds observes.
No hosts can save a king ; no strength
The man of war preserves.

But those who fear the Lord,
He watches from their birth,
To guard their souls from death, to feed
Their wants in time of dearth.

Our souls upon Him wait :
He is our Help and Shield.
Because in Him we place our hope,
With joy we shall be filled.

PSALM XXXIV.

FIRST PART.

My lips shall alway thank the Lord ;
 His praise be ever on my tongue :
 In God my soul shall make her boast :
 The meek with joy shall hear my song.

O join with me in praising God !
 His name together let us bless.
 I sought the Lord: He heard my call,
 And brought me forth from my distress.

Look up to God: ye shall be filled
 With light: no shame shall stain your face.
 To Him the poor send forth their cry,
 And are delivered by His grace.

If men will serve the Lord with fear,
 His angels compass them around.
 O taste and see how good He is !
 His mercies more and more abound.

O fear the Lord, all ye His saints !
 For those who fear Him nought shall daunt.
 The lions may with hunger starve ;
 But never shall the righteous want.

PSALM XXXIV.

SECOND PART.

YE, children, come, give ear to me :
I'll teach your hearts the Lord to fear.
What man is he that longs to live,
And would rejoice from year to year ?

From sinful words refrain thy tongue,
Thy lips from every guileful art :
Eschew all evil deeds ; do good ;
And follow peace with single heart.

God's eyes are always o'er the just ;
His ears are open to their cry :
The humble soul He loves to save ;
And to the contrite heart is nigh.

The troubles of the just are great ;
But God preserves him through them all :
He guards their bones with watchful care,
That none shall break, although they fall.

The souls of those who keep His law,
He out of every danger takes :
And those who place their trust in Him,
His grace and mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM XXXV.

FIRST PART.

O LORD, against my foes
 Uphold me by Thy might;
 And go Thou forth to war with those
 Against my soul who fight.

Come with Thy shield and spear;
 My haters bring to shame:
 Speak in Thy mercy to my soul,
I thy salvation am.

My soul in God shall joy,
 And His salvation see;
 And all my members shall cry out,
Lord, who is like to Thee?

Thou dost redeem the poor
 From him who is too strong:
 The poor and needy Thou dost save
 From those who work them wrong.

PSALM XXXV.

SECOND PART.

How long, Lord, wilt Thou wait ?
 O save me by Thy power,
 From those who, fierce as lions, seek
 Thy servant to devour !

So will I give Thee thanks,
 When Thy assemblies meet :
 When all Thy folk before Thee come,
 Thy praises I'll repeat.

Arise, maintain my cause,
 O Thou, my God, my Lord !
 According to Thy righteousness,
 Thy saving aid afford.

Let those who follow truth,
 Rejoice, and never cease
 To say, *The Lord be praised, who loves*
To give his servants peace !

Then shall my thankful song
 Declare Thy righteous ways ;
 And all day long my heart and soul
 Shall overflow with praise.

PSALM XXXVI.

THY mercy, Lord, spreads through the skies ;
 Thy truth the heavens doth keep ;
 Thy justice like the mountains stands,
 Thy judgements like the deep.

Thou, Lord, preservest man and beast :
 How precious is Thy grace !
 Therefore beneath Thy sheltering wings
 Mankind their trust shall place.

Then with the fatness of Thy house
 Shall they be satisfied :
 And from the river of Thy joys
 Rich draughts Thou wilt provide.

The secret fountain of all life
 Abideth aye with Thee :
 And in Thy pure and holy light
 We light shall clearly see.

Thy lovingkindness, Lord, prolong
 To those Thy word who know ;
 And still on all whose hearts are true
 Thy righteousness bestow.

PSALM XXXVII.

FIRST PART.

FRET not Thy soul because of those
Who proudly go astray :
They shall be mown down like the grass,
And wither fast away.

Trust Thou in God ; be doing good :
Thou in the land shalt live :
Delight in God : He'll give thee food :
Thy heart's desire shall thrive.

Commend thy purpose to the Lord :
Through Him it shall be done :
Thy faithfulness like light shall shine,
Thy justice like the sun.

Rest in the Lord ; with patience wait ;
From wrath and pining cease.
The humble shall possess the earth,
And joy in endless peace.

PSALM XXXVII.

SECOND PART.

A SMALL thing that the righteous has,
 Is better than great wealth
 In godless hands: for God Himself
 Upholds the just in health.

He marks their paths: they shall not fail,
 When evil times draw nigh:
 And when the days of famine come,
 Their souls He'll satisfy.

They whom God blesses shall possess
 The earth by heavenly right.
 The good man's steps He does ordain,
 And in his way delight.

The righteous, even though he fall,
 Shall ne'er be cast away:
 For God Himself with His own hand
 Will be his mighty stay.

I have been young, and now am old;
 Yet I did never see
 The just forsaken, or his seed
 Brought down to beggary.

Depart from evil, and do good;
 For God loves righteousness:
 His saints He never will desert,
 Nor ever cease to bless.

PSALM XXXVII.

THIRD PART.

WISDOM is in the just man's mouth ;
 Judgement is on his tongue ;
 The law of God is in his heart :
 His steps shall ne'er go wrong.

God will not leave him to his foes,
 Nor, when he's judged, condemn :
 He'll gird his brows with righteousness,
 As with a diadem.

I've seen the wicked high in power,
 His branches spreading round :
 Ere long he past away : I sought ;
 But nowhere was he found.

Keep innocency, and take heed
 To do whate'er is right :
 And this will bring thee peace, when life
 Is fleeting from thy sight.

For the salvation of the just
 Doth from the Lord proceed :
 He always helps and strengthens those
 Who trust Him in their need.

PSALM XXXVIII.

REBUKE me not in wrath, O Lord ;
Nor in Thine anger chasten me :
Thine arrows in my heart stick fast ;
Thy right hand presses heavily.

No soundness is there in my flesh ;
Thy wrath so preys upon my mind :
My aching bones no rest can gain,
Because against Thee I have sinned.

Thou knowest all my soul's desire,
My groaning is not hid from Thee :
My heart is faint ; my strength hath failed ;
My eyesight is quite gone from me.

But still in Thee, O Lord, I trust,
That Thou wilt hear my sad lament :
I will confess my wickedness,
And o'er my sin with tears repent.

Forsake me not, O Lord my God !
Far from Thy servant do not stand :
O haste Thou, who alone canst save,
And bring salvation in Thy hand.

PSALM XXXIX.

LORD, let me know my end :
 The measure of my days
 Teach me to scan, that I may see
 How frail are all my ways.

Thou madest my days a span :
 Nought are they in Thine eye :
 The sons of men in their best state
 Are merely vanity.

Men in a vain show walk :
 They vex their hearts in vain :
 They heap up gold ; and none can tell,
 Who shall their treasure gain.

And now what is my hope ?
 My hope, Lord, rests in Thee.
 O make me not a scorn to fools !
 From evil set me free.

When Thou dost chasten sin
 With warnings and with threats,
 Our beauty wastes away, as when
 A moth a garment frets.

O spare me still a while !
 Let me my strength regain :
 Ere I from hence am borne away
 In death's allsweeping train.

PSALM XL.

FIRST PART.

DAY after day I sought the Lord,
And waited patiently ;
Until He bent down from His throne,
And hearkened to my cry.

He drew me from the fearful pit,
And from the miry clay :
He placed my feet upon a rock,
And led me in His way.

He taught my soul a new-made song,
A song of holy praise.
All they who see these things, with fear
Their hopes to God shall raise.

Most blessed is the man whose hope
Upon the Lord relies ;
Who follows not the proud, nor those
That turn aside to lies.

O Lord, what wonders hast Thou wrought,
All number far above !
Thy thoughts to-us-ward overflow
With mercy, grace, and love.

PSALM XL.

SECOND PART.

SHEW forth Thy mercy, gracious Lord :
 O take it not away !
 Thy lovingkindness and Thy truth,—
 Let them be still my stay.

For countless sorrows hem me round ;
 And my iniquities
 So hold me fast, and drag me down,
 I cannot raise my eyes.

My hairs in number they surpass :
 Hence is my heart dismayed.
 Vouchsafe, O Lord, to rescue me !
 O hasten to my aid !

Let those who seek Thee faithfully,
 In peace and joy abide.
 Let those who love Thy grace, still say,
The Lord be magnified !

Poor am I, and in need ; yet God
 Care of my soul doth take.
 Thou art my Help ; my Saviour Thou ;
 Lord, no long tarrying make.

PSALM XLI.

BLEST is the man who taketh thought
 To help the poor in need :
 When evil days of trouble come,
 He shall be surely freed.

The Lord will keep him safe; his life
 Shall prosper in the land :
 He shall be always armed with strength,
 Against his foes to stand.

The Lord will comfort him when laid
 In sickness on his bed ;
 Will turn his sickness into health,
 And raise his drooping head.

O Lord, be merciful to me ;
 Heal Thou my sinful soul ;
 And keep me by Thy saving grace,
 When Thou hast made me whole.

Set me before Thy holy face :
 Ne'er let me fall again.
 O praise the Lord ! praise Israel's God !
 World without end, Amen !

PSALM XLII.

FIRST PART.

As for the waterbrooks the hart,
So pants my soul for Thee.
It thirsts for God, the living God :
Thy face when shall I see ?

My tears have been my only meat,
Which day and night have flowed,
While proud blasphemers in their scorn
Cried, *Where is now thy God ?*

My soul within me melts away,
When I recall to mind,
How heretofore the gathering crowds
Of worshipers I joined ;

And how we came up to Thy house
In glad and bright array,
With voice of blessing, joy, and praise,
To keep Thy holy day.

O why art thou cast down, my soul ?
Why art thou thus dismayed ?
Trust thou in God : I yet shall praise
His name, who sends me aid.

PSALM XLII.

SECOND PART.

ONE rushing flood its brother calls,
 And both in consort roar,
 Swoln by Thy waterspouts: Thy waves
 And billows o'er me pour.

Yet God the fulness of His love
 Will shew forth in the day:
 To Him by night I'll sing; to Him,
 By whom I live, I'll pray.

I'll say to God, my Rock, O why
 Dost Thou forsake me so?
 Why do my foes thus tread me down,
 And I all mourning go?

With poisonous words they wound my soul,
 Which pierce me like a sword,
 While daily they with scornful taunts
 Cry, *Where is now thy Lord?*

But why art thou cast down, my soul?
 Why art thou so dismayed?
 Trust God: I yet shall praise His name:
 He is my God, my Aid.

PSALM XLIII.

GIVE judgement on my side, O Lord !
 Do Thou uphold my cause,
 Against th' ungodly and profane,
 Who spurn and break Thy laws.

Thou art the God of all my strength ;
 Why drivest Thou me away ?
 Why shall the oppression of my foes
 Thus overcloud my day ?

Send forth Thy light, send forth Thy truth,
 That they may guide my feet,
 And lead me to Thy holy hill,
 E'en to Thy mercy-seat.

Then will I to God's altar go,
 To God, my chiefest joy ;
 In praising Thee, O God, my God,
 My harp and voice employ.

O why art thou cast down, my soul ?
 Why art thou so dismayed ?
 Trust God : I yet shall give Him thanks :
 My God shall be my Aid.

PSALM XLIV.

FIRST PART.

O GOD, we with our ears have heard,
Oft by our fathers told,
What deeds Thou wroughtest in their days,
And in the times of old.

Not by their sword got they the land ;
Their own arm could not save :
Thy arm, the light that came from Thee,
Their strength and victory gave.

Thou art our King, O God, our Lord :
Shew forth Thy saving might.
Through Thee we shall cast down all those
Against our souls who fight.

I will not trust in sword or bow :
Thou savest us from shame ;
Thou drivest back our foes : all day
We'll glory in Thy name.

PSALM XLIV.

SECOND PART.

If we forsake our God, if we
 To strange gods yield our hearts,
Will He not search it out, whose eye
 Through every secret darts?

O Lord, be Thou our God! arise!
 Why tarriest Thou, O Lord?
Cast not Thy servants quite away,
 Who live but through Thy word.

O wherefore hidest Thou Thy face?
 Nor mindest how we grieve?
Our souls are bowed down to the earth;
 And to the dust we cleave.

Arise, Lord, for Thy mercy's sake;
 Upraise our hearts to Thee;
And from the chains and snares of sin
 Redeem and set us free.

PSALM XLV.

O FAIREST of the sons of men !
 Grace from Thy lips doth flow.
 His choicest blessings therefore God
 On Thee will aye bestow.

Gird on Thy sword upon Thy thigh,
 And go forth in Thy might,
 Arrayed in royal majesty,
 With robes of glowing light.

Ride on, ride on victoriously :
 For truth and sacred right
 Do battle ; Thy unconquered hand
 Shall teach Thee deeds of might.

Thy bow is strong, Thine arrows sharp ;
 Thine enemies they smite.
 Thy throne, O God, endures for aye ;
 Thy sceptre stands for right.

Thou lovest right, and hatest wrong.
 Hence God on Thee will pour
 The oil of gladness, and anoint
 Thee King for evermore.

All generations of mankind
 Thy praises shall record :
 All nations shall give thanks to Thee,
 Their glorious mighty Lord.

PSALM XLVI.

FIRST PART.

God is our Bulwark and our Strength,
In woe an ever-present Aid.
Although the earth be rent in twain,
Our hearts shall never be dismayed.

Although the mountains headlong fall,
Their foaming crests the waters rear,
And with their swelling torrents shake
The mighty hills, we will not fear.

A river is there whose fair streams
Make glad the city of our God,
The holy city where the Lord
For aye hath taken his abode.

God dwelleth in the midst of her :
No earthly power can make her move :
The Lord will help, yea, haste to help
The city He vouchsafes to love.

PSALM XLVI.

SECOND PART.

THE nations in fierce tumult came ;
 The kingdoms of the earth were stirred :
 But God from heaven sent forth His voice ;
 Away they melted at his word.

The Lord of hosts is on our side ;
 The God of Jacob is our Tower.
 O come, behold His wondrous deeds,
 The fearful workings of His power.

He husheth wars through all the earth :
 The bow He crasheth in His ire ;
 He knappeth the huge spear in twain,
 And burns the chariots in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God :
O'er all the earth I raise my power.
 The Lord of hosts is on our side ;
 The God of Jacob is our Tower.

PSALM XLVII.

O CLAP your hands, ye people all,
 And shout with voice of mirth :
 For mighty is the Lord our God,
 Sole King of all the earth.

A goodly heritage is ours,
 Earth's fairest far above,
 The heritage of Israel,
 Whom He vouchsafed to love.

With merry shouts is God gone up,
 With joyful triumphing.
 O sing ye praises to our God !
 Sing praises to our King.

For God is King of all the earth :
 With knowledge sing ye praise :
 God o'er the nations reigns ; His throne
 Of justice He doth raise.

The princes of the nations serve
 The God of Abraham :
 The power and glory of the earth
 Bow to the great I AM.

PSALM XLVIII.

FIRST PART.

GREAT is the Lord, a God whose praise
 The earth and heavens should fill :
 Great in His city is His name,
 Upon His holy hill.

Mount Sion is a goodly mount,
 The joy of all the earth.
 The city of the mighty King
 From her north side looks forth.

Within her palaces the Lord
 A Bulwark sure is known.
 Great kings against her banded came ;
 But they aghast are gone.

As we have heard it told of yore,
 We with our eyes behold :—
 The city where He chose to dwell,
 The Lord will aye uphold.

PSALM XLVIII.

SECOND PART.

WHEN to Thy temple, Lord, we come,
 We think upon Thy grace,
 On all the wonders Thou hast wrought
 In this Thy holy place.

According to Thy name, O God,
 Thy praise spreads through the earth :
 And all the works of Thy right hand
 Thy righteousness shew forth.

Because Thy judgements are made known,
 Let Sion's mount rejoice ;
 And let all Judah's daughters raise
 To Thee a praiseful voice.

Round Sion walk ; about her go ;
 The towers that gird her tell ;
 Observe her noble palaces ;
 And mark her bulwarks well.

From age to age declare this truth :
 Jehovah will abide
 Our God for ever, yea, will be
 E'en unto death our Guide.

PSALM XLIX.

HEAR this, ye people ; and give ear
All in the world that dwell ;
Both high and low, both rich and poor.
My mouth shall wisdom tell.

When evil days are swelling round,
Why should I fear or doubt?
Why should I faint, although my sins
Encompass me about?

His brother no man can redeem,
None can from death deliver,
(So dear and precious is a soul),
That he may live for ever.

Like sheep they fall into the grave ;
And on them death shall feed :
Their beauty shall consume away,
And wither like a weed.

But God His people will preserve
From death and endless pain ;
Because it is His gracious will
To bring them home again.

PSALM L.

FIRST PART.

THE Lord Almighty speaks :
 Our God, Jehovah, calls
 The earth, from where the sun springs forth,
 To where at eve he falls.

The Lord made earth and heaven ;
 But Sion is the place
 Where He reveals the excellence
 And beauty of His grace.

Our God will surely come.
 He to the heavens will cry,
 And to the earth, that He may judge
 His people righteously.

*Bring forth My saints, he says,
 My flock to Me so dear,
 Who stand in bond and league with Me
 My law to love and fear.*

Then shall the heavens aloud
 His righteousness record :
 For He by whom mankind are judged,
 Is God, the living Lord.

PSALM L.

SECOND PART.

HEAR, Israel! says the Lord ;
 For I will testify
 Against Thee, and declare My will ;
 God, yea, thy God am I.

Not for thy sacrifice
 Do I thy service blame :
 No bullock from thy crowded stalls,
 No he-goat do I claim.

All beasts on earth are Mine ;
 All birds to Me are known :
 Yea, the whole boundless world, and all
 Its fulness is My own.

Shall I drink blood of goats ?
 Or flesh of bullocks eat ?
 Bring thou thanksgiving to the Lord ;
 To Him thy vows repeat.

And humbly call on Me,
 When days of woe draw nigh :
 I will deliver thee ; and thou
 My name shalt glorify.

He glorifies My name,
 Whose spirit pours forth praise :
 My saving grace to him I'll shew,
 Who rightly rules his ways.

PSALM LI.

FIRST PART.

ACCORDING to Thy mercy, Lord,
 Be merciful to me :
 As Thou art full of love, blot out
 All my iniquity.

O wash me thoroughly from my stains !
 And purge my guilty soul.
 My crime is always in my eye ;
 My sins before me roll.

Against Thee only have I wrought
 This evil in Thy sight :
 And when Thou speakest, all shall know
 That Thy decree is right.

In guiltiness and shame was I
 First shapen in the womb :
 In sin, O Lord, was I conceived,
 Our fallen nature's doom.

Yet Thou desirest holiness
 And truth in every part :
 Thy wisdom therefore Thou revealst,
 To purify the heart.

Do Thou with hyssop purge my soul ;
 Then clean and bright 'twill grow :
 Yea, wash me ; and I shall straightway
 Be whiter than the snow.

PSALM LI.

SECOND PART.

OF gladness and of joyfulness,
 Lord, let me hear the voice ;
That so the aching bones, which Thou
 Hast broken, may rejoice.

All my iniquities blot out :
 Turn from my sin Thy face :
O cleanse my heart, good Lord ! renew
 My spirit by Thy grace.

Take not Thy Spirit from me, Lord ;
 Nor cast my soul away :
With Thy salvation comfort me ;
 Thy Spirit be my stay.

Then will I speak of all Thy grace,
 That they who sin shall see :
And they who walk in evil ways,
 Shall haste and turn to Thee.

PSALM LI.

THIRD PART.

FROM my transgressions purge my soul,
 O Thou salvation's God!
 Then of Thy righteousness my tongue
 Shall sing the praise abroad.

Unlock my closed lips, O Lord!
 O God, untie my tongue!
 So will I joy to tell Thy praise,
 And break forth into song.

No sacrifice didst Thou desire:
 Else I would give it Thee:
 Nor with the blood of bulls and rams
 Canst Thou delighted be.

A broken spirit is to God
 A pleasing sacrifice:
 A broken and a contrite heart,
 Lord, Thou wilt ne'er despise.

Do good in Thy good pleasure, Lord,
 To Sion, Thine own hill:
 The walls of Thy Jerusalem
 Uprear in Thy good will.

Then righteousness and truth shall be
 Our holy sacrifice:
 Heart-offerings full of thankful love
 Shall from Thine altar rise.

PSALM LII.

WHY boastest thou, O man of might,
 In mischief and in ill?
 The goodness of the Lord our God
 Endureth mightier still.

The just shall see thee fall, and cry,
*This man would never trust
 In God, but in his wealth, and arm,
 And in his own heart's lust.*

But in God's house I safely dwell,
 Like olives always green.
 My hope and trust from day to day
 Has in God's mercy been.

Thee therefore will I praise, O Lord ;
 For Thou didst plant me here :
 Upon Thy name with love I'll wait ;
 For to Thy saints 'tis dear.

PSALM LIII.

There is no God! within his heart
 The fool hath madly said.
 When nought was seen to strike affright,
 They sorely were dismayed.

They who round Sion laid their siege,
 Have fled in fearful rout :
 She drove them from before her face :
 For God had cast them out.

O grant Thy people help, good Lord !
 And graciously fulfill
 Thy promise made to Israel,
 From Sion's holy hill.

When God shall lead His people back,
 And set the captives free,
 Then sorrowing Jacob shall rejoice,
 And Israel shout with glee.

PSALM LIV.

O SAVE me for Thy name's sake, Lord!
 Defend me by Thy might:
 For strangers, who regard not Thee,
 Against me come to fight.

The Lord Jehovah grants me aid:
 Therefore may I be bold:
 He taketh part with all the friends
 Who would my cause uphold.

An offering of a willing heart
 I'll to Thine altar bring,
 And praise Thy glorious name, because
 Such comforts from it spring.

Thou, gracious Lord, hast brought me forth
 In safety from my woes:
 And I have seen my heart's desire
 Accomplisht on my foes.

PSALM LV.

LORD, hear my prayer, nor hide Thy face
 From my beseeching plaint.
 My heart is sorely pained with fear :
 Death's terrors make me faint.

O that I had a dove's swift wings !
 Then would I fly away,
 And roam to some far wilderness,
 Where I at rest might stay.

But no : I'll call on God : He'll save :
 I'll raise my voice on high,
 At evening, morning, and at noon ;
 And He will hear my cry.

He has redeemed and freed my soul,
 That I at peace may live,
 From wars that fiercely round me raged ;
 For hosts to save me strive.

Cast thou thy burthen on the Lord :
 Thy soul He will provide
 With living strength : through Him the just
 Unmoved shall aye abide.

PSALM LVI.

WHEN I'm in fear, I'll turn to God ;
I'll glory in His word.
I will not dread what man can do :
My trust is in the Lord.

Thou knowest where my feet have strayed,
And on my tears dost look :
O keep them in Thy vial, Lord !
Are they not in Thy book ?

Whene'er to Thee I raise my cry,
My foes, I know, shall flee.
Thy word I'll praise, O Lord, my God !
For Thou dost fight for me.

In God I trust : I will not fear
What man can do to me.
Thy vows are on me, O my God ;
I'll render praise to Thee.

Thou who from death didst save my soul,
Still hold my feet upright ;
That I may walk before Thy face,
With those who live in light.

PSALM LVII.

BE merciful to me, O God!
 On Thee my trust I wholly cast.
 Beneath Thy wings I'll shelter seek,
 Until this storm of woe is past.

To God, who all my prayers fulfills,
 My supplication shall ascend:
 And He, to save me from reproach,
 His grace and truth from heaven will send.

My soul among fierce lions lies;
 My foes have laid a snare for me.
 O Lord, shew forth Thy power on high,
 Thy glory over land and sea.

My heart is fixed, O my God!
 Thy holy name I'll sing and praise.
 Awake, my glory! wake, my harp!
 My voice to Thee at dawn I'll raise.

Among the nations I will tell
 The praises of the Lord my God;
 How high as heaven His justice stands,
 As heaven His mercy spreadeth broad.

Set up Thyself, O King of kings,
 On high above the throne of light;
 And o'er the peopled earth shew forth
 Thy glorious majesty and might.

PSALM LIX.

DELIVER me, O God,
 From all my enemies :
 Preserve me from the snares of those
 Against my soul who rise.

From Thee my strength must flow :
 On Thee I wait and call.
 Thou art my Bulwark, Lord : Thy grace
 My wishes will forestall.

The Lord will let me see
 My heart's desire fulfilled
 Upon my foes. O scatter them !
 O'erthrow them, God, our Shield !

Then of Thy power I 'll sing ;
 At morn Thy mercy praise :
 For Thou hast been my strong Defense,
 My Tower in troublous days.

PSALM LX.

O CAST us not away, Lord ! turn
 In pity to our woes !
 The earth at Thy displeasure quakes :
 Do Thou its breaches close.

For those who fear Thy holy name,
 A banner Thou hast made ;
 That they may triumph through Thy truth,
 When 'tis abroad displayed.

So shall the children of Thy love
 Stand firm, and never fall.
 Stretch forth Thy saving hand, O Lord !
 O hear me when I call !

When Thou departedst from our host,
 We were discomfited.
 Hast Thou quite cast us off ? by Thee
 Shall we no more be led ?

Be Thou our Help in trouble, Lord :
 Man's help is weak and vain.
 Through God we shall do valiant deeds,
 Through Him the victory gain.

PSALM LXI.

O HEARKEN to my longing cry !
 Lord, to my prayer attend !
 From th' utmost corner of the earth
 My cry to Thee I send.

Whene'er my heart is overwhelmed
 With fear and misery,
 Guide Thou my footsteps to the Rock,
 That higher is than I.

In my distress I always find
 A safeguard in Thy power :
 Thy help against assailing foes
 Has often been my Tower.

Within Thy tabernacle I
 For aye would fain abide ;
 Beneath the shelter of Thy wings
 My fainting spirit hide.

For when I made my vows to Thee,
 Thou, O my God, didst hear,
 And gavest me the heritage
 Of those Thy name who fear.

PSALM LXII.

ON God, from whom salvation comes,
 My soul doth wait and call.

He is my Rock, my Saviour He :
 I shall not greatly fall.

Wait only on the Lord, my soul :
 I shall not be o'erthrown.

In Him my hope and glory lie,
 My strength in Him alone.

In Him let all your trust be placed,
 Ye people, night and day :
 Pour out your hearts before His throne :
 He is our mighty Stay.

Trust not in wrong or robbery ;
 Let vain delights be gone :
 Though riches flow in plenteously,
 Set not your hearts thereon.

Jehovah once sent forth his voice ;
 And twice I've heard the word ;
 That power belongeth all to God,
 All glory to the Lord.

Yea, mercy likewise, Lord, to Thee
 Belongs, to Thee alone :
 For Thou according to his work
 Rewardest every one.

PSALM LXIII.

O GOD, my God ! Thee will I seek :
 My soul for Thee doth thirst :
 My heart is parcht, as in a land
 Wherein no waters burst.

So greatly long I to behold
 The glory of Thy face ;
 As I have seen it oft of yore
 Within Thy holy place.

Thy love is dearer far than life :
 My lips shall sing Thy praise :
 I'll raise my hands up in Thy name,
 And bless Thee all my days.

When on my peaceful bed I lie,
 I call Thy love to mind ;
 And through the watches of the night
 Thee near me still I find.

Beneath Thy sheltering wings I'll joy ;
 For Thou my Help hast been :
 To Thee I'll cleave ; for Thou alone
 Canst save my soul from sin.

PSALM LXV.

FIRST PART.

IN Sion, Lord, shalt Thou be praised ;
 To Thee shall vows be paid.
 O Thou who hearest the voice of prayer !
 All flesh shall seek Thine aid.

A flood of dark unholy sins
 Have overflowed my soul :
 But Thou canst turn their waters back :
 Away Thou 'lt bid them roll.

Blest is the man whom Thou dost choose
 Within Thy courts to dwell :
 His soul with pleasures shall be filled,
 That all earth's joys excell.

O God, from whom salvation comes !
 Thou to our earnest prayer
 By wondrous deeds of righteousness
 Thine answer wilt declare.

Therefore the ends of all the earth,
 And they who o'er the sea
 Roam far away, their hope and trust
 Shall place, O Lord, in Thee.

PSALM LXV.

SECOND PART.

Jehovah, He is girt with power :
 He rooteth fast the hills.
 The sea's loud noise, the roaring waves,
 The people's rage He stills.

They in the furthest lands who dwell,
 Dread Thy almighty voice.
 The morn and eve, when they come forth,
 Thou makest them rejoice.

Thou nourishest the earth with rain :
 Thy river overflows,
 And fills the ground with fruitfulness :
 Thou speakst ; the harvest grows.

Thou with Thy blessings crownst the year :
 Thy clouds their fatness shed :
 They shed it on the wilderness :
 Joy o'er the hills is spread.

With flocks the pastures are bestrewn ;
 With corn the vallies clad :
 They laugh aloud and sing to Thee :
 For Thou hast made them glad.

PSALM LXVI.

FIRST PART.

IN songs of joyance, all ye lands,
 To God your voices raise ;
 Declare the honour of His name ;
 And tell His glorious praise.

Say ye to God, In all Thy works
 How wonderful art Thou !
 Subdued by Thy all-conquering arm,
 Thy foes to Thee shall bow.

All men on earth shall worship Thee ;
 Thy praise in songs proclaim :
 Yea, all shall sing triumphantly
 To Thy all-holy name.

PSALM LXVI.

SECOND PART.

COME, all ye people, and behold
 The works that God hath wrought !
 How all his dealings tow'rd mankind
 With awful power are fraught.

Into dry land he turned the sea :
 Thus we a pathway had,
 And marcht on foot athwart the waves :
 In Him then we were glad.

He rules for ever by His power :
 His eyes the nations spy.
 Let not the proud rebellious folk
 Upraise their heads on high.

But come, ye faithful, bless the Lord ;
 Speak loudly in His praise ;
 Whose mercy keeps our souls in life,
 Our feet from sliding stays.

For Thou hast proved and tried us, Lord,
 As melters silver try :
 Thou broughtest us into a snare :
 In bonds Thou badst us lie :

Thou madest men ride o'er our heads :
 Through water we have past ;
 Through fire ; yet to a place of weal
 Thou ledst us forth at last.

PSALM LXVI.

THIRD PART.

LORD, to Thy house, I 'll offerings bring ;
 To Thee my vows I 'll pay ;
 The vows I uttered with my mouth,
 When danger round me lay.

COME ye who fear the Lord, I 'll tell
 His dealings tow'rd my soul.
 I lifted up my voice to Him,
 And did His name extoll.

If in my heart to sin I cleave,
 My cry God will not hear.
 But God has heard me: to my prayer
 He has inclined His ear.

O let the Lord, our gracious God,
 For ever blessed be !
 Who would not cast my prayer away,
 Nor turn His grace from me.

PSALM LXVII.

HAVE mercy on us, Lord,
 And bless us with Thy grace :
 Shine on our hearts, that we may see
 The brightness of Thy face.

So all the earth shall know
 The way to godly wealth ;
 And all the people far and wide
 Behold Thy saving health.

Let all the world, O God,
 Sing praises to Thy name :
 And let the nations all unite
 To magnify Thy fame.

From east to west let all
 Rejoice with holy mirth :
 For Thou with righteousness wilt rule
 The nations of the earth.

The earth her fruit shall yield ;
 The Lord His blessing send ;
 And men shall stand in awe of God
 To earth's remotest end.

PSALM LXVII.

SECOND VERSION.

LORD, shower on us Thy grace :
 Bless us with gifts divine :
 Let Thy light-beaming face
 Upon Thy servants shine :
 That all below The arched sky
 May Thee and Thy Salvation know.

Let all Thy praise rehearse,
 With one united voice ;
 Sing in high-swelling verse,
 Eternally rejoice :
 Thy power obey, Whose justice shall
 Dispose of all, All sceptres sway.

Let all extol Thy worth,
 Then shall the smiling earth
 Her pleasant fruits bring forth,
 Nor ever mourn in dearth ;
 We who implore, Thy blessings find ;
 And all mankind With fear adore.

PSALM LXVIII.

FIRST PART.

O GOD, arise ! Let all Thy foes
 Be from Thy presence cast.
 Drive them like smoke before the wind :
 As wax melts, let them waste.

Thus let the wicked pass away
 Before Thy holy face :
 But let the righteous hearts be glad,
 Rejoicing in Thy grace.

Sing praises to the name of Him,
 Who on the heavens doth ride.
 His name is JAH : above all names
 That name be glorified.

A Father to the fatherless
 Is He, the widow's Friend ;
 And from His throne of holiness
 Their cause He will defend.

The lonely He in households joins ;
 And from captivity
 The prisoners frees : rebellious souls
 He leaves in want to lie.

PSALM LXVIII.

SECOND PART.

O GOD, when Thou didst walk abroad,
 Before Thy people's face ;
When through the pathless wilderness
 Thou ledst Thy chosen race ;

The earth then at Thy presence shook ;
 The heavens grew dark and fell ;
Yea, Sinai shook before the Lord,
 The God of Israel.

Thou on Thy favoured heritage
 Refreshing rains dost pour,
And, when the land is dry and bare,
 Its fruitfulness restore.

Thy chosen people there shall dwell :
 Thou hast prepared the place ;
And hast provided for the poor
 In thy all-bounteous grace.

PSALM LXVIII.

THIRD PART.

God gave the word : the preachers came,
 A mighty company.
 Kings with their armies are o'erthrown :
 Before His word they fly.

Though ye among the pots have lain,
 Your wings ye shall unfold,
 Like doves, whose wings with silver shine,
 Whose feathers glow with gold.

When God before us drove our foes,
 As snow we then grew white.
 His hill is like to Basan's hill,
 High towering out of sight.

Why leap ye so, ye mountains high ?
 This, this is Sion's hill ;
 Where God is pleased His house to build,
 And with His glory fill.

Ten thousand chariots round Him throng ;
 Ten thousand angels pour ;
 And Sion sees Him with them come,
 As Sinai saw of yore.

PSALM LXVIII.

FOURTH PART.

THOU in Thy glory, mighty Lord,
 Hast mounted up on high :
 Thou ledest those whom Thou hast freed
 From their captivity.

Rich gifts for men hast Thou received,
 Although they did rebel,
 Yea, even for Thy foes, that God
 Among them aye may dwell.

For ever blessed be our God !
 Salvation's holy Lord ;
 Who all the bounties of His grace
 Hath on us daily poured.

In heaven is He salvation's Lord
 On high, in earth beneath ;
 And through His power and grace alone
 Do we escape from death.

God said, *My people I will bring
 From Basan to their home ;
 Yea, I will bring them back, though waves
 Around them toss and foam.*

Within Thy temple, gracious Lord,
 Thy people see Thy ways.
 O let them with one heart and voice
 Thy lovingkindness praise !

PSALM LXVIII.

FIFTH PART.

OUR God ordaineth strength ; make strong
 In us what Thou hast wrought.
 To Thee who dwellest on Sion's hill,
 By kings shall gifts be brought.

To Thee shall Egypt's princes come,
 With their assembled bands ;
 And Ethiopia to our God
 Shall humbly stretch her hands.

O all ye kingdoms of the earth,
 Sing praises to our King !
 He is the Lord that ruleth all :
 To Him loud praises sing :

To Him who on the heavens doth ride,
 And from His throne pours light.
 Lo, He doth send His voice abroad,
 And that a voice of might.

All strength be to the Lord ascribed ;
 All power and majesty
 To Israel's holy God, who dwells
 Above the clouds on high.

How awful in Thy house art Thou,
 Thou God of Abraham !
 Who giv'st Thy people strength and peace.
 O praise the great I AM.

PSALM LXIX.

FIRST PART.

SAVE me, O God! The raging waves
Are rushing on my soul:
The mire beneath my feet gives way;
The waters o'er me roll.

I am aweary with my tears;
My throat is hoarse and dry:
My eyes are failing, while I gaze
For help to God on high.

Thou knowst my folly, Lord: my sins
Are naked in Thy sight.
Let none who wait on Thee be shamed:
Uphold them by Thy might.

To Thee in an accepted time
My humble prayer I make:
O hear me for Thy saving truth,
Hear for Thy mercy's sake!

Deliver me from out the mire;
My feet from sinking keep:
Free me from those who hate my soul,
And from the watery deep.

PSALM LXIX.

SECOND PART.

HEAR me, O Lord ! such strength and joy
 Thy lovingkindness brings :
 Hear me ! Thy mercies o'er the earth
 Fly with unnumbered wings.

Ne'er from Thy servant hide Thy face :
 Sore prest am I by woes.
 Draw near, O Lord, and rescue me ;
 Preserve me from my foes.

Thou knowst my shame and my disgrace :
 Reproach hath struck my mind.
 I sought for some to pity me ;
 But no one could I find.

No comforter was to be seen :
 They gave me gall to eat ;
 They gave me vinegar to drink,
 Although my thirst was great.

But now that I am overwhelmed
 With grief and misery,
 Through Thy salvation, O my God,
 Let me be raised on high.

PSALM LXIX.

THIRD PART.

THE name of Him who saves my soul,
 With joyful thanks I'll sing :
 An offering far more dear to Him
 Than horned bulls I'll bring.

The humble shall behold God's grace :
 Pure joy to them 'twill give.
 All ye who truly seek the Lord,
 Your souls for aye shall live.

For God will hear the poor, nor from
 His prisoners take His love.
 Praise Him, ye heavens, thou earth, and sea,
 And all that therein move.

God Judah's cities will rebuild ;
 His Sion He will save ;
 That so His people there may dwell,
 And sure possession have.

Here shall His faithful servants seed
 Be trained up from their birth :
 And they who love His holy name,
 Shall here find heaven on earth.

PSALM LXX.

THOU who alone canst save,
Haste, Lord, to succour me.
Let those who seek to slay my soul,
Confounded backward flee.

Poor am I, girt with woes :
Come, Lord ! O do not stay !
Thou art my Help, my Saviour Thou :
O Lord, make no delay !

Let those who trust in Thee,
And seek Thy healing grace,
Be always filled with holy joy
By gazing on Thy face.

Who Thy salvation love,
Let them with one accord
Cry, Glory, Honour, Blessing, Praise,
To our victorious Lord !

PSALM LXXI.

FIRST PART.

O LORD, in Thee I place my trust ;
 No other help or hope I have.
 Redeem me in Thy righteousness ;
 Incline Thine ear to me, and save.

Be Thou my Tower of holy strength,
 Whereto I always may resort :
 Send forth Thy word to be my aid :
 Thou art my Rock, my living Fort.

Thou from my birth hast held my soul
 In life : yea, Thy Almighty hand
 Did take me from my mother's womb :
 Through Thee alone, O Lord, I stand.

My God, O cast me not away,
 When age my days shall overtake !
 And when my strength and heart decay,
 Thy servant do not Thou forsake.

In patient hope I will abide,
 And bless Thee daily more and more ;
 Thy saving mercy and Thy truth
 In songs of joyful praise adore.

Thus in the strength of God, the Lord,
 I'll in His ways walk firmly on :
 And always while I live declare
 His saving righteousness alone.

PSALM LXXI.

SECOND PART.

E'EN from my early youth, O Lord,
 By Thee have I been daily taught :
 Through all my life have I declared
 The wondrous works that Thou hast wrought.

And now, O God, forsake me not,
 When faint and grey with years I grow ;
 Until Thine everlasting power
 To all that are to come I shew.

Thy righteousness is over all :
 It spreadeth through the earth and sea.
 Who ever wrought such mighty deeds,
 As Thou? Who, Lord, is like to Thee?

Through heavy troubles, through great woes
 By Thee have I been often led :
 And still, O Lord, Thou'lt quicken me,
 And raise my spirit from the dead.

To honour Thou wilt raise me up,
 And comfort me on every side.
 Then by my harp and thankful psalms
 Thy mercy shall be magnified.

My lips shall joy to sing to Thee,
 Thou Holy one of Israel :
 My soul, redeemed by Thee, all day
 Shall of Thy lovingkindness tell.

PSALM LXXII.

FIRST PART.

O TEACH the King Thy statutes, Lord!
Thy justice to him send;
That he may judge the folk with right,
And be the poor man's friend.

Then shall the mountains bring forth peace,
The hills with joy be clad:
The poor and simple He will guard,
And make the orphans glad.

On the ungodly fear shall fall,
While sun and moon roll round.
Like rain on new-mown fields He'll come,
Like showers on thirsty ground.

The just shall flourish in His days,
Beneath His righteous reign:
And peace shall bless the earth as long
As moons shall wax and wane.

PSALM LXXII.

SECOND PART.

THE King shall reign : from sea to sea
His empire shall extend ;
And from the river shall stretch out
To earth's remotest end.

The kings of Tarshish and the isles
To Him shall offerings bring :
Arabia shall her treasures bear,
Along with Sheba's king.

Yea, all the rulers of the earth
Before Him shall bow down ;
And all the nations of mankind
Do service to His crown.

For He the needy will preserve,
When'er to Him they cry :
And they who find no help in man,
Shall find sure help on high.

His mercy will redeem their souls
From craft and lawless might ;
The blood of all who cry to Him
Is precious in His sight.

PSALM LXXII.

THIRD PART.

THE King shall live, and shall receive
 Rich gifts of Sheba's gold.
 Prayer shall be made to Him ; His name
 Shall daily be extolled.

Of corn a handful shall be sown
 Upon the mountain-top :
 Thence high as trees on Lebanon
 Shall wave a golden crop.

His name for ever shall endure,
 Long as the sun gives light :
 Through Him all nations shall be blest,
 And shall proclaim His might.

All-blessed be the Lord our God,
 The God of Israel !
 He only doeth works in power
 And glory, which excell.

And blessed be His holy name
 Through all eternity !
 His glory all the world shall fill.
 Amen ! so shall it be.

PSALM LXXIII.

FIRST PART.

THE Lord is good to Israel,
 To all whose hearts are pure.
 But as for me, my steps had strayed,
 My feet were in a lure.

For I was envious, and grew wroth
 The foolish folk to see,
 When I beheld how godless men
 Enjoy prosperity.

Hereon I pondered long in vain :
 For me 'twas far too hard :
 But when into God's house I came,
 There saw I their reward.

I saw how, like a dream, when one
 Doth from his sleep awake,
 So in the fulness of their pride
 Dost Thou their image break.

Yet still, O Lord, am I with Thee,
 Upheld by Thy right hand :
 Thou 'lt guide me, and wilt take me home
 To Thine own heavenly land.

PSALM LXXIII.

SECOND PART.

WHOM, O my God, can I desire,
 Save Thee, in heaven above ?
 Nor is there aught throughout the earth,
 That I, like Thee, can love.

My flesh and heart grow faint and fail ;
 But God, He faileth never :
 He is the Bulwark of my heart,
 My Portion He for ever.

Lo, they who wander far from Thee,
 Shall perish one and all :
 They who will follow their own lusts,
 By their own lusts shall fall.

But I am truly blest ; for I
 Hold always fast to God :
 In Him alone I place my trust :
 His works my soul shall laud.

PSALM LXXIV.

FIRST PART.

O GOD, remember Thine own flock,
 Whom Thou of old hast bought ;
 Those whose redemption from their bonds
 Thy tender mercy wrought.

Remember Zion's hill, where Thou
 Didst dwell in ages past :
 Forth from Thy bosom pluck Thy hand ;
 And save us now at last.

Let not th' ungodly multitude
 Destroy Thy turtle-dove :
 Nor from Thy favour cast the poor,
 Whom Thou wast wont to love.

Arise, O Lord ! plead Thine own cause ;
 Preserve th' opprest from shame ;
 And let the poor and needy still
 Sing praises to Thy name.

PSALM LXXIV.

SECOND PART.

O GOD, Thou surely art our King,
 E'en from the times of old.
 Throughout the earth Thou still hast wrought
 Salvation manifold.

The sea asunder rent its waves,
 When Thou didst raise Thine arm :
 Its waters smote the dragon's heads,
 To save Thy race from harm.

The day, O Lord of Hosts, is Thine ;
 Thine also is the night :
 Thy power and wisdom framed the sun ;
 Thou filledst him with light.

By Thee the earth was spread abroad ;
 By Thee its bounds were made :
 The summer and the winter roll,
 As Thou their course hast laid.

PSALM LXXV.

To Thee, O God, do we give thanks;
 To Thee our vows we pay :
 Because Thy gracious deeds declare
 That Thou art still our Stay.

God, when th' appointed time is come,
 Will shew His justice forth.
 All things would fall : but He upholds
 The pillars of the earth.

Deal not so foolishly, ye proud ;
 Lift not your horns on high ;
 Lift not your horns against the Lord ;
 Speak not stiffneckedly.

Promotion comes not from the East,
 Nor from the West, or North :
 The Lord is Judge : He raises one,
 And casts another forth.

His right hand holds a cup ; the wine
 Is red ; He pours it out :
 Th' ungodly drink its bitter dregs,
 And fly in fearful rout.

But I will sing of Jacob's God :
 His name I'll alway praise ;
 Who, though His servants fall, vouchsafes
 Their hearts and souls to raise.

PSALM LXXVI.

IN Israel is God well known ;
 In Judah He is great ;
 In Salem's temple He abides ;
 In Zion is His seat.

There by His mighty arm He brake
 The arrows of the bow,
 And overthrew the spear, the shield,
 The battle of the foe.

Thou, Lord, art greatly to be feared,
 When Thou dost bare Thy hand.
 When Thou arisest in Thy wrath,
 Before Thee who can stand ?

Thy judgements were declared from heaven ;
 The earth in fear was still ;
 When God arose to judge the world,
 To save the meek from ill.

Vow to the Lord, and pay your vows,
 All ye who near Him dwell :
 Bring gifts and offerings to His throne :
 In might doth He excell.

The wrath of men shall praise His name ;
 Their wrath He will o'erawe :
 The princes of the earth shall fear,
 And bow before His law.

PSALM LXXVII.

FIRST PART.

To God I raised my voice ;
 To God I made my cry ;
 Weighed down by grief I sought the Lord :
 He heard me from on high.

I turned my thoughts to God ;
 Yet still my woe remained :
 My heart was faint and overwhelmed,
 So long as I complained.

Will God quite cast us off ?
 And shall His mercy fail ?
 Hath He forgotten all His grace ?
 And is His truth so frail ?

Then said I, No : this is
 My own infirmity :
 I'll call to mind His works of old,
 The years of the Most High.

Within Thy sanctuary
 Thou shewst Thy ways abroad.
 What god is he who can compare
 With our allholy God ?

PSALM LXXVII.

SECOND PART.

O GOD, what might Thou shewst !
 What wonders Thou hast wrought !
 Redemption to Thy chosen race
 Thine own right hand hath brought.

The waters saw Thee, Lord ;
 The waters saw and fled ;
 The clouds their rushing torrents poured ;
 The skies their arrows shed.

Thy thunders through the heavens
 With awful roaring brake ;
 Thy lightnings lightened all the world ;
 The earth with fear did quake.

Thy way is in the sea ;
 Through deeps Thou walkst alone ;
 Thy path beneath the waters lies :
 Thy footsteps are unknown.

Thy people Thou dost lead,
 As Thine own flock of sheep,
 By Him whom Thou didst choose of old
 Their souls to guide and keep.

PSALM LXXIX.

O LORD, remember not our sins !
 Thy tender mercies shew :
 Send us Thine aid, and tarry not :
 Most grievous is our woe.

For Thine own glory help us, Lord,
 Who hast our Saviour been :
 Deliver us for Thy name's sake ;
 And purge away our sin.

Where is their God, their Saviour, now ?
 The unbelievers cry.
 Lord, hear the prisoner's sighs, and save
 Those who are doomed to die.

So we, Thy people, Thine own sheep,
 Will always bless Thy name,
 And with adoring hearts Thy praise
 From age to age proclaim.

PSALM LXXX.

FIRST PART.

HEAR, O Thou Shepherd, like a flock
Who ledest Israel !
Shine forth, O Thou who throned between
The Cherubim dost dwell !

Still let Thy mercy, Lord, uphold
The Man of Thy right hand,
The Son of man, whom for Thyself
Thou madest strongly stand.

So we henceforth will ne'er go back,
Nor ever from Thee fall.
O quicken Thou our souls ; and we
Upon Thy name will call.

Turn us again, Lord God of Hosts !
And make Thy glory shine
Upon our souls : we shall be safe,
And ever wholly Thine.

PSALM LXXX.

SECOND PART.

A VINE from Egypt Thou hast brought,
Lord, by Thy mighty hand ;
And Thou didst cast the heathen out,
To plant her in their land.

Thou madest room where she might stand,
And badst her take deep root :
And so she grew, and filled the land,
And bare much goodly fruit.

The hills were covered with her shade ;
Her boughs like cedars grew :
From East to West, from sea to sea,
Her branches wide she threw.

Look down from heaven, we pray Thee, Lord ;
And visit this Thy Vine ;
Which Thou didst plant and make so strong,
That she should aye be Thine.

PSALM LXXXI.

SING joyfully to God, our Strength ;
To Jacob's Lord, Jehovah, sing.
Take up a psalm ; the psaltery,
The harp and timbrel hither bring.

When in our woe we called on God,
He sent an answer speedily,
Our burthen from our shoulders took,
And from our bondage set us free.

O Israel, Jehovah said,
If thou wilt to My word give ear,
No idol shall be found in Thee,
No strange false god shall make thee fear.

I brought thee out of Egypt safe,
And suffered not thy feet to rove.
Enlarge thy heart, O Israel !
And I will fill it with My love.

If thou wilt hearken to My words,
And walk where'er I lead My flock,
I'll feed thee with the flour of wheat,
And give thee honey from the rock.

PSALM LXXXII.

AMONG the princes of the earth
 The Lord hath raised His throne,
 The cause of justice to maintain,
 To make His judgements known.

Uphold the fatherless and poor ;
 To the opprest do right ;
 The helpless needy ones defend
 From men of lawless might.

They vainly boasted they were gods,
 The sons of the Most High :
 But in the fulness of their pride,
 Like common men, they die.

Arise, O Lord ! o'er all the earth
 Thy holy reign advance ;
 And take all nations to Thyself,
 As Thy inheritance.

PSALM LXXXIV.

FIRST PART.

O LORD of Hosts, Thou God of might,
 How lovely is the place,
 Where Thou vouchsafest to dwell, and shew
 The beauty of Thy grace !

My soul is faint with strong desire
 To see Thy blest abode :
 My longing heart and flesh cry out
 For Thee, the living God.

The sparrow has found out a house,
 The swallow built a nest,
 Beside Thine altar, O my God !
 And there they safely rest.

The dwellers in Thy house are blest :
 They alway sing Thy praise.
 One day within Thy house is more
 Than else a thousand days.

A doorkeeper I 'd rather be,
 Within the house of God,
 Than in the lordly tents of sin
 Possess a sure abode.

For God a Shield is, and a Sun :
 He 'll grace and glory give :
 No blessing will His love withhold
 From those who rightly live.

PSALM LXXXIV.

SECOND PART.

How blest are they, O Lord of Hosts,
Whose strength and stay Thou art !
Who in Thy laws desire to walk,
And bear them in their heart.

As through the barren vale they pass,
They dig up fountains still :
The vale is like a living spring ;
And Thou their wells dost fill.

Thus on they go from strength to strength,
And still to Thee draw near ;
Until in Zion they at length
Before Thy face appear.

O Thou Almighty Lord of Hosts !
Most truly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust is always placed
Undoubtedly in Thee.

PSALM LXXXV.

FIRST PART.

WHAT countless mercies hast Thou poured,
O Lord, on this Thy favoured land!
Thy people are brought home, and freed
From bondage, by Thy mighty hand.

Their trespasses didst Thou forgive,
And wipe out their iniquity :
From all Thine anger Thou didst turn,
And set their souls at one with Thee.

O God of our salvation, turn
Our hearts, and bid Thine anger cease.
Wilt Thou for ever keep Thy wrath ?
And shall we nevermore find peace ?

O make Thy people joy in Thee !
Our fainting hearts and souls revive :
Shew forth Thy mercy, mighty Lord :
Salvation to Thy servants give.

PSALM LXXXV.

SECOND PART.

I'LL hear what God the Lord will speak :
 He to His people will speak peace,
 And to His saints : but let them now
 From all their lusts and follies cease.

To those who fear Him God is nigh,
 And bears salvation in His hand.
 He sends His glory down from heaven,
 To dwell within our chosen land.

Together Truth and Mercy meet ;
 Yea, Righteousness and Peace embrace.
 Truth springeth from the earth : from heaven
 Doth Righteousness unveil her face.

Whate'er is good, the Lord will give :
 Our land shall plenteously increase.
 Before Him Righteousness shall walk,
 And guide us in the paths of Peace.

PSALM LXXXVI.

FIRST PART.

Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, and hear ;
 For I am sore distrest.
 Preserve me ; for I trust in Thee :
 O let my soul find rest !

To Thee I daily make my cry :
 Be merciful to me ;
 And cheer Thy servant's fainting soul :
 I raise my soul to Thee.

For Thou art full of goodness, Lord,
 And ready to forgive :
 All those who call upon Thy name,
 Thou hastenest to relieve.

Give ear to my beseeching voice ;
 And to my prayer attend.
 In time of woe to Thee I'll call ;
 For Thou'lt an answer send.

PSALM LXXXVI.

SECOND PART.

Who standeth, Lord, among the gods,
That may with Thee compare?
What other works are found, that can
With Thine in glory share?

All generations of mankind,
Whom Thou alone hast made,
Shall come before Thy face: by all
Shall vows to Thee be paid.

For Thou above all greatness art;
And works by Thee are done,
In power and wisdom which excell:
Yea, Thou art God alone.

Teach me Thy laws; and I my life
Thereby will duly frame.
O knit my heart to Thee, that I
May always fear Thy name.

PSALM LXXXVI.

THIRD PART.

WITH all my heart, O Lord my God,
 To Thee will I give praise :
 Yea, I will glorify Thy name,
 And bless Thee all my days.

How great and wondrous is the love,
 That Thou to me hast shewn !
 From hell's dark woe Thou broughtst my soul,
 And calledst me Thine own.

For Thou art full of pity, Lord,
 A God most rich in grace :
 Thy boundless mercy and Thy truth
 The whole wide world embrace.

O turn to me now, Lord, my God !
 To me Thy mercy shew :
 On me, Thy servant, in my need
 Thy saving strength bestow.

Shew me some token of Thy grace,
 That I may plainly see,
 My sin is pardoned, and that Thou
 Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

ON His high and holy mountain
God His strong foundation lays :
Far beyond all Jacob's dwellings,
He delights in Zion's ways.

Glorious things of Thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God.
Egypt, Babel, Ethiopia,
Spread Thine honoured name abroad.

O'er the earth, among all nations,
Men shall say, *He there was born.*
Through Jehovah's blessing fairer
Art thou than the gates of morn.

When the Lord His people counteth,
There, He'll say, was born the King.
There His servants sing His praises ;
There His living waters spring.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

LORD God, my Saviour, day and night
I make my cry to Thee :
O let my prayer before Thee rise !
Incline Thine ear to me.

My soul is bowed with grievous woes ;
My life draws nigh the grave :
Like those who fall into the pit,
No health or strength I have.

Cast me not out, O God, with those
Who in their trespass die,
Who from Thy mercy are cut off,
By Thee forgotten lie.

Thus will I daily cry to Thee,
And humbly seek Thy grace.
O do not quite forsake me, Lord !
Nor from me hide Thy face.

PSALM LXXXIX.

FIRST PART.

THE mercies of the Lord my God
 Shall always be my song :
 The praises of His truth throughout
 All ages I 'll prolong.

Thy mercy Thou hast grounded fast,
 For ever to endure :
 Thy faithfulness above the heavens
 Is spread and stablisht sure.

With David Thou a covenant madest,
 Which Thou wilt aye maintain,
 That on an everlasting throne
 His Holy Seed shall reign.

The heavens Thy praises shall declare
 To all the peopled earth :
 The great assembly of Thy saints
 Shall shew Thy wonders forth.

For who in heaven, who of the sons
 Of might, is like the Lord ?
 With holy fear by all His saints
 Is He to be adored.

PSALM LXXXIX.

SECOND PART.

ALMIGHTY Lord of Hosts, what god
 Like Thee in might is found ?
 Or who is like the holy truth
 That compasses Thee round ?

Amid the raging of the sea,
 Thou o'er its waves dost reign :
 Although its waters foam and swell,
 Thou stillest them again.

The power of Egypt Thou didst break.
 Like one whom death o'erthrows,
 He fell : by Thy almighty hand
 Thou scatterest Thy foes.

The glory of the heavens is Thine ;
 The earth too is Thine own :
 The world, and all that breathes therein,
 Was framed by Thee alone.

The rising and the setting sun
 Thou madest by Thy voice.
 Hermon and Tabor's sacred mount
 Shall in Thy name rejoice.

On Holiness and Justice Thou
 Thy righteous throne dost place :
 Mercy and Truth are aye with Thee,
 And go before Thy face.

PSALM LXXXIX.

THIRD PART.

O BLESSED are the people, Lord,
 Who keep Thy holy day !
 The glory of Thy countenance
 Shall shine upon their way.

To them Thy name shall be a source
 Of joy that ne'er shall die :
 And through Thy righteousness shall they
 Upraise their souls on high.

Because the pillars of their strength
 Thy glory does adorn.
 Whene'er Thy favour shines on us,
 Shall we exalt our horn.

For God is our Defense : from Him
 Our hope and safety spring :
 The Holy One of Israel
 Is our Almighty King.

PSALM LXXXIX.

FOURTH PART.

GOD to His Holy One hath said,
 My power I've laid upon
 A Man of might : from Israel
 My soul hath chosen One.

My hand shall stablish Him with might ;
 My arm shall make Him strong ;
 No foe against Him shall prevail ;
 No son of mischief wrong.

My name shall raise His horn : My truth
 And grace with Him shall be :
 His kingdom shall be o'er the earth ;
 His hand upon the sea.

Thou art My Father, He shall say,
My God, my saving Light.
 My Firstborn He shall be, above
 All kings on earth in might.

With Him My mercy shall abide ;
 My covenant shall stand fast :
 E'en like the days of heaven, His seed
 And throne shall ever last.

Once by My Holiness I've sworn :
 His seed for aye shall reign ;
 And like the sun and moon, His throne
 Throughout all time remain.

PSALM LXXXIX.

FIFTH PART.

How long, Lord, wilt Thou hide Thy face ?
Shall Thy wrath burn like fire ?
Remember, how our time is short,
How men like smoke expire.

Who of the sons of men can boast,
He ne'er shall look on death ?
Who from the grave's all-conquering arm
Can win his failing breath ?

Remember, Lord, the loving grace,
Which Thou of old hast sworn.
Far from us take the foul reproach
Thy people long have borne.

To Thee, Almighty Lord of Hosts,
Shall we sing praises then.
Blessed be God for evermore !
Amen ! Amen ! Amen !

PSALM XC.

FIRST PART.

LORD, Thou our dwelling-place and home
 From age to age hast always been.
 Before the mountains were brought forth,
 Before the earth and world was seen ;

Before the sun his course began,
 Before the heavens were spread abroad,
 From everlasting, through all time,
 To everlasting Thou art God.

A thousand years before Thy sight
 Are like a day : like sleep they pass :
 They sweep before Thee like a flood,
 And perish straightway like the grass.

When Thou art angry, all our days
 Are vanisht, like a tale when told.
 Yet who Thine anger doth regard ?
 Thy wrath, which never waxeth old ?

O teach us, Lord, to count our days,
 And still our end in mind to bear !
 So may we learn to seek Thy truth,
 And walk in wisdom and in fear.

PSALM XC.

SECOND PART.

RETURN, O Lord! Why tarriest Thou?
To us, Thy servants, shew Thy grace.
O with Thy mercy feed our souls!
That we may joy before Thy face.

Lord, grant Thy comfort all our days
To us who long opprest have been.
Thy ways be to Thy people known,
Thy glory by our children seen.

May God's all-glorious majesty
With us for evermore abide!
O prosper Thou our handiwork!
Be Thou our Saviour, Thou our Guide.

PSALM XCI.

FIRST PART.

WHOSO within God's holy place
 Dost stedfastly abide,
 Him shall the shadow of the Lord
 From every evil hide.

Thou art my Hope, and my Stronghold,
 I to the Lord will say :
 Thou art my God : on Thee alone
 My trust I'll always stay.

O trust in God ! thy soul He'll save,
 Both from the fowler's snare,
 And from the noisome pestilence
 That rideth through the air.

Beneath His wings He'll shelter thee,
 Where thou shalt safely lie :
 His faithfulness shall be thy shield
 Against thine enemy.

No terrour of the night or day
 Shall ever work thee harm ;
 No plague that through the darkness walks,
 Or bares at noon its arm.

Though thousands shall beside thee fall,
 Death nigh thee shall not come :
 Thine eyes alone shall look upon
 The sinner's fearful doom.

PSALM XCI.

SECOND PART.

LET the Almighty Lord of Hosts
 Thy habitation be :
 In Him alone put thou thy trust ;
 To Him for refuge flee.

No plague shall near thy dwelling come,
 No evils on thee fall :
 For He will give His angels charge
 To save thee from them all.

Their hands shall bear thee up, lest thou
 Shouldst dash against a stone :
 On lions thou shalt tread, on all
 Thy foes beneath thee thrown.

Because thy love is cast on God,
 Therefore thou shalt be free.
 He'll raise thy horn on high, because
 His name is known by thee.

Whene'er thou callst to Him for aid,
 An answer He will send :
 In trouble He'll beside thee stand ;
 Thy soul He will defend.

His saints with honour and long life
 God nobly satisfies,
 And maketh His salvation shine
 Before their joyful eyes.

PSALM XCII.

FIRST PART.

How blessed is Thy service, Lord !
To Thee our thanks to bring,
And praises to Thy holy name,
O Thou Most High, to sing ;

To shew Thy lovingkindness forth
Each morning with the light ;
And to declare Thy faithfulness
At the approach of night.

For Thou hast made my spirit glad,
By all Thy deeds of might :
When I behold what Thou hast done,
I triumph with delight.

How great and glorious are Thy works !
Thy thoughts, O Lord, how deep !
Throughout all ages Thou on high
Thy kingly throne shalt keep.

PSALM XCII.

SECOND PART.

THY servant's horn, Lord, Thou dost raise,
 Like that of th' unicorn:
 With fresh oil Thou anointest him,
 Till he doth shine like morn.

The just shall flourish like the palm,
 Shall cast their branches high,
 Like cedars on mount Lebanon,
 And spread them through the sky.

They who within God's holy courts
 Are planted by His grace,
 Shall grow up straight, and thrive amain
 In His most blessed place.

In their old age, when others fail,
 More fruit from them shall spring:
 They shall be fat, and full of sap,
 And ever flourishing ;

To shew that God is just and true,
 And still His saints will bless.
 He is our mighty Rock : in Him
 Is no unrighteousness.

PSALM XCIII.

THE Lord doth reign : arrayed is He
 In majesty and light.
 His works all shew that He is clothed
 And girt about with might.

So firmly He hath laid the world,
 It never can depart.
 Thy throne is fixt of old ; and Thou
 From everlasting art.

The floods, O Lord, have lifted up,
 Have lifted up their voice :
 The floods have lifted up their waves,
 And made a fearful noise.

The sea, it rageth awfully :
 The billows mighty are :
 But He who dwelleth in the heavens,
 The Lord, is mightier far.

The testimonies of Thy word
 Shall be for ever sure :
 And they who in Thy house would dwell,
 As Thou art, must be pure.

PSALM XCIV.

FIRST PART.

O THOU, of all the earth
 The Judge and Soverain Lord,
 Upraise Thyself, and cast down sin
 By Thy Almighty Word!

*God will not see our deeds:
 They will escape His eyes.*
 Thus many in their folly say,
 O when will ye be wise?

He who the ear did plant,
 The Lord, shall He not hear?
 And shall not He who made the eye,
 See all things plain and clear?

He who corrects the world,
 Shall he not smite His foe?
 He who to man doth knowledge teach,
 Shall He not likewise know?

The Lord, who all things knows,
 He knows the thoughts of man:
 And all shall end in vanity,
 Whate'er in sin began.

PSALM XCIV.

SECOND PART.

BLEST is the man Thou chastenest, Lord,
 And makest Thy law to know ;
 That Thou mayst grant him rest and peace,
 When come the days of woe.

The Lord will never cast off those,
 He to Himself hath taken :
 They who are made the heirs of grace,
 Shall never be forsaken.

To judgement He will soon return,
 His righteousness display :
 Then all who are of upright heart,
 Shall walk along His way.

Unless the Lord had been my Help,
 My soul in night had lain :
 But when I said, *My feet will slip,*
 My steps didst Thou sustain.

Among the crowd of grievous thoughts,
 Whereby I am opprest,
 Thy mercies, Lord, refresh my soul,
 Thy comfort brings me rest.

PSALM XCV.

O COME, and to the Lord our God
 Let us upraise our voice :
 Come ye to our salvation's Rock,
 And in His name rejoice.

Before His presence gladly come,
 To pour forth thanks and praise :
 With one accord in psalms to Him
 A joyful consort raise.

Jehovah is a mighty God :
 A mighty King is He,
 Above all gods : all things are His,
 The heavens, the earth, the sea.

He made the mountains rear their heads :
 The deeps lie in his hand :
 He spread the rolling waves abroad :
 His hands did mould the land.

O come, ye people, worship Him !
 Before His altar fall :
 Kneel humbly down before the Lord,
 Who made and saves us all.

For why ? He is the Lord our God :
 His care for us provides :
 We are His people, whom He feeds,
 The sheep His mercy guides.

PSALM XCVI.

FIRST PART.

O SING a new and joyful song
 To God! sing, all the earth ;
 Sing to the Lord, and bless His name :
 Shew His salvation forth.

To all the nations of mankind
 Declare His wondrous ways :
 His glory tell : for He is great,
 A God beyond all praise.

Above all gods must He be feared,
 Above all gods adored.
 The heathen gods are wood and stone :
 Our God, He is the Lord.

He made the heavens : before His face
 Beauty and glory shine :
 Within His holy place is power,
 And majesty divine.

Give glory to the Lord our God,
 Each language, and each tribe :
 To Him, the King of all the world,
 All might and praise ascribe.

PSALM XCVI.

SECOND PART.

O GIVE the glory to the Lord,
 That to His name is due !
 Come, bring an offering to His courts ;
 And there your vows renew.

In all His holy beauty there
 Jehovah's name adore.
 Let all the earth bow down in awe,
 And grace from Him implore.

Among the heathens say, God reigns.
 His word hath staid the earth
 So fast, it ne'er shall move. He comes
 To deal His judgements forth.

Be glad, ye heavens, before the Lord ;
 And thou too, earth, rejoice :
 Ye seas, and all that dwell therein,
 Shout with a joyous voice.

Rejoice, ye fields : rejoice, each plant
 That springeth from the ground :
 Then all the groves and forest-trees
 Shall ring with gladsome sound ;

Before the Lord. For lo, He comes !
 To judgement He doth come,
 To judge the world in righteousness,
 To render faithful doom.

PSALM XCVI.

SECOND VERSION.

O GIVE the Lord the glory,
 That to His name is due !
 Bring offerings to His temple ;
 And there your vows renew.

In all His holy beauty
 Jehovah's name adore.
 Let all the earth be awestruck,
 And grace from Him implore.

Ye nations, hear ! God reigneth.
 His word so stayed the earth,
 It ne'er shall move. He cometh
 To deal His judgements forth.

Be glad, ye heavens, before Him ;
 And thou too, earth, rejoice :
 Ye seas, and all your fulness,
 Shout with a joyous voice.

Rejoice, ye fields : each plant too,
 That springeth from the ground :
 Then all the groves and forests
 Shall ring with gladsome sound ;

Before the Lord,—who cometh
 To judgement. He doth come
 To judge the world with justice,
 To render faithful doom.

PSALM XCVII.

God is King. Rejoice, thou earth :
 Shout, ye islands, with delight.
 Clouds and darkness gird His throne :
 Firm it stands on truth and right.

Flames before Him roll, and burn
 All that dare His will oppose :
 Through the heavens His lightnings flash ;
 Earth is seized with inward throes.

Lofty mountains melt like wax
 At the presence of the Lord.
 Heaven His righteousness declares :
 O'er the earth His glory 's poured.

Wo to those who idols serve !
 All ye gods before Him bow.
 Zion hears, and joys, because
 Thou to judgement comest, Thou.

Ye who love the Lord, hate sin.
 He His servants souls doth keep :
 From the snares of wickedness
 He will save His chosen sheep.

For the righteous, light is sown ;
 Joy for those whose hearts are true.
 To the Lord, ye just, your thanks
 For His holiness renew.

PSALM XCVIII.

SING songs of triumph to the Lord,
 Who wondrous deeds hath done.
 His own right hand, His holy arm,
 The victory hath won.

The Lord His saving grace and truth
 Hath openly made known :
 He in the sight of all the world
 His righteousness hath shewn.

God of His love to Israel
 Hath ever mindful been :
 The ends of all the peopled earth
 Have His salvation seen.

Let every nation to the Lord
 Upraise a merry noise :
 Let all the earth send forth a sound,
 A sound of many joys.

Ye seas, and all your fulness, roar ;
 Shout, all who dwell on earth ;
 Ye floods, together clap your hands ;
 Ye mountains, ring with mirth ;

Before the Lord. For lo ! He comes :
 To judgement cometh He.
 He 'll judge the world with righteousness,
 His folk with equity.

PSALM XCVIII.

SECOND VERSION.

SING to the King of kings,
 In new unwonted lays.
 He doeth mighty things :
 His conquest crown with praise.
 His arm alone, His sacred hand
 The impious band Hath overthrown.

He justice brings to light :
 His saving truth He sends
 Before the nations sight,
 To earth's remotest ends.
 His heavenly grace Is full displayed,
 And promise made To Jacob's race.

Let all who dwell on earth
 Their hearts and souls upraise,
 With universal mirth,
 And loudly sing His praise.
 Roar out, ye seas ! Ye spangled skies,
 All ye comprise, Rejoice with these

Floods clap your thronging waves ;
 Ye hills exalt your mirth :
 He who His people saves,
 Now comes to judge the earth.
 The world He shall With justice try,
 His equity Dispense to all.

PSALM XCIX.

FIRST PART.

THE Lord doth reign, eternal King :
Let all the nations quake.
He sits between the Cherubim :
Let earth be moved and shake.

In Sion God His throne of might
Above the world doth raise.
His name so great, ye people all,
His name so holy, praise.

Praise ye the King, who judgement loves,
And maketh justice stand ;
Whose word enforceth righteousness
And truth throughout the land.

O magnify the Lord our God !
Jehovah worship ye :
Before His footstool pay your vows :
A Holy God is He.

PSALM XCIX.

SECOND PART.

MOSES and Aaron were God's priests :
 Samuel declared His word :
 They called upon His holy name :
 Their prayers Jehovah heard.

He heard and answered them from out
 The pillar of the cloud :
 For they His ordinances kept ;
 Before His law they bowed.

Thou answerdst them, O Lord our God !
 Yea, God their sins forgave :
 He chastened all their evil thoughts,
 But chastened them to save.

Give glory to the Lord our God :
 Before His holy hill
 Your worship offer: for the Lord
 Our God is holy still.

PSALM C.

ALL people who on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with gladsome voice:
Serve God with joy: His praises tell:
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed:
Without our aid He made us all:
We are His flock, whom He doth feed,
And to His heavenly pasture call.

O enter then His gates with praise!
Within His courts your thanks proclaim:
To Him loud hallelujahs raise;
And magnify His holy name.

For why? The Lord our God is good:
His mercy lasts for ever sure:
His truth hath always firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM CI.

OF mercy and of righteousness
 To Thee, O Lord, I'll sing.
 Teach me the knowledge of Thy truth,
 That I thereto may cling.

To me Thy servant, O my God,
 When wilt Thou deign to come?
 Before Thee I will strive to walk
 Within my house and home.

No evil thing will I allow
 To stand before my eyes:
 I'll shun the ways and works of those
 Who turn aside to lies.

The froward heart shall from me shrink;
 The proud I will not know:
 Who deal in slander and deceit,
 Shall from my presence go.

I'll seek the faithful in the land,
 That they may dwell with me:
 And he who walks in godly ways,
 My bosom friend shall be.

PSALM CII.

FIRST PART.

LORD, in my trouble hear my prayer,
And let my call before Thee rise :
Hide not Thy face : make no delay :
O send an answer to my cries.

My bones are burnt up like a brand :
Like smoke my days away have fled :
My heart is withered like the grass :
I e'en forget to eat my bread.

My bones are cleaving to my skin ;
So wasted am I by my groans ;
E'en like an owl or pelican,
That in the dreary desert moans.

All lonely, as a sparrow sits
Upon the housetop, still I mourn :
The evildoers mock at me :
To all my foes I'm grown a scorn.

I've eaten ashes for my bread :
My drink is mingled with my tears :
For Thou, O Lord, hast cast me down ;
Thine anger fills my soul with fears.

PSALM CII.

SECOND PART.

MY days are like a shadow, Lord,
That glideth fast away.
But Thou for ever shalt endure,
Thy glory ne'er decay.

Thou wilt arise, and plainly shew
Thy love to Zion yet :
The time to favour her is come,
The time that Thou hast set.

For in her ruins, and her stones,
Thy servants pleasure take :
They look upon her very dust
With fondness for her sake.

Then shall the furthest nations fear
The Lord's most holy name :
The rulers of the earth shall hear
With awe of all His fame.

PSALM CII.

THIRD PART.

WHEN the Almighty Lord again
 His Zion's walls shall rear,
 In all His glorious majesty
 To man He will appear.

To the entreaties of the poor
 He surely will attend :
 And when the outcasts seek His grace,
 His comfort He will send.

Then for the ages still to come
 His deeds we will record :
 And generations now unborn
 Shall magnify the Lord ;

Who from His throne on high bent down
 To hear the prisoner's cry ;
 Who cast His eyes from heaven to free
 The mourners doomed to die.

In Zion therefore men shall praise
 The Lord's most holy name,
 And in His own Jerusalem
 His glorious deeds proclaim.

Then all the nations of the earth
 Shall throng with one accord ;
 And all the kingdoms shall bow down,
 To worship God the Lord.

PSALM CII.

FOURTH PART.

My strength is broken and grows faint,
 Along life's weary ways.
 O do not cut me off, my God,
 In midtime of my days !

Thine years throughout all ages last :
 Thy hand of old hath laid
 The strong foundations of the earth :
 Thy word the heavens hath made.

Thou wilt endure for evermore :
 But they will all decay :
 Yea, as a garment they 'll wax old :
 They 'll fade and pass away.

Thou'lt change them as a vesture, Lord ;
 And changed they all shall be.
 But Thou art still the same : Thy years
 Are through eternity.

The children of Thy chosen race
 Shall prosper far and wide :
 Their holy seed before Thy sight
 Shall stedfastly abide.

PSALM CIII.

FIRST PART.

O PRAISE the Lord, my soul,
 And all that in me is !
 Remember all that He hath done
 To bless and make Thee His.

He pardons all thy sins,
 And healeth all thy wounds :
 He rescues thee from death ; tow'rd thee
 His loving grace abounds.

Whate'er thou canst desire,
 He granteth thee for food ;
 Whereby thy failing strength and youth,
 Like th' eagle's, is renewed.

For those who suffer wrong,
 His justice He displays :
 His works to Moses He made known,
 To Israel shewed His ways.

The Lord is full of love :
 His soul though sinners grieve,
 He waiteth and refrains his wrath,
 And longeth to forgive.

PSALM CIII.

SECOND PART.

GOD will not alway chide,
 Nor keep His anger still :
 He dealt not tow'rd us as we sinned,
 Nor would requite our ill.

For as the heavens are high,
 Encompassing the earth,
 So o'er all those who fear the Lord,
 His mercy spreadeth forth.

And as from East to West
 The way is far and wide,
 So far He casts the sins of those
 Whom He hath purified.

E'en as a father tow'rd
 His child doth pity bear,
 Such pity bears the Lord to those
 Who worship Him in fear.

For He, our Maker, knows
 Whereof our frames are made :
 He knows that from the dust we sprang,
 And into dust shall fade.

PSALM CIII.

THIRD PART.

MAN's days are like a flower :
 The wind across it blows ;
 And lo, 'tis vanisht ; where it bloomed
 Its place no longer knows.

But they who fear the Lord,
 Shall feel His endless grace.
 Their children's children through all time
 His mercy will embrace ;

Yea, all who keep their vows
 To Him with holy awe,
 And write His statutes in their hearts,
 To mind and do His law.

God's throne is placed on high :
 In heaven it firmly stands :
 All things that breathe the breath of life
 His royal power commands.

Ye angels, who excell
 In might, bless ye the Lord ;
 Ye who fulfill what He ordains,
 And hearken to His word.

Bless ye the Lord, His works,
 Wherewith the world is stored !
 O bless the Lord, all ye His hosts !
 My soul, bless thou the Lord !

PSALM CIV.

FIRST PART.

O PRAISE the Lord, my soul ! O Lord,
 Thou, Thou art God alone.

With glory, power, and majesty,
 Thou compassed Thy throne.

With light, as with a garment, Thou
 Dost gird Thyself about :
 And like a curtain o'er the world
 The heavens Thou spreadest out.

From out the watery firmament
 God's chamber-beams arise :
 The rolling clouds His chariots are ;
 On wings of winds he flies.

The earth's foundations, vast and deep,
 That ne'er should move, He laid ;
 And o'er its naked limbs the sea
 He as a garment spread.

The waters o'er the mountains stood :
 At thy rebuke they fled,
 And down into the vallies rolled,
 Where Thou hadst shaped their bed.

To every creature they give drink ;
 And where they flow along,
 The birds among the branches dwell,
 And raise to Thee their song.

PSALM CIV.

SECOND PART.

THE Lord makes grass for cattle grow,
And herbs for healing good,
And wine to cheer man's heart, and corn
To yield him strengthening food.

The moon for seasons He ordains ;
The sun his pathway knows :
And man at morn comes forth to work,
At evening homeward goes.

How various are Thy works, O Lord !
How wisely all are made !
Thy wonders fill the whole wide earth,
And through the seas are spread.

Thy creatures wait on Thee, till Thou
Their timely food wilt give :
Thy hand Thou openest, and they all
Upon Thy bounty thrive.

Thou hidest Thy face ; they faint with fear :
Thou takest away their breath ;
And straightway into dust they fall,
Beneath the blast of death.

Thou sendst Thy spirit forth : up springs
A new-created race !
With life and beauty Thou renewst
The earth's decaying face.

PSALM CIV.

THIRD PART.

THE glory of the Lord shall shine
 With never-waning light :
 He in the beauty of His works
 Will evermore delight.

He looketh down upon the earth ;
 And lo, its pillars shake :
 He lays his hand upon the hills ;
 Flames from them straightway break.

To God, as long as I have life,
 Fresh praises I 'll repeat :
 My meditation on His love
 And mercy shall be sweet.

In Him I will be glad. Let sin
 Be cast out from the earth.
 My soul, bless thou the Lord thy God,
 And pour His praises forth.

PSALM CIV.

SECOND VERSION.

My soul, bless the Lord ! all-glorious in might,
 With honour He's clothed, and girded with light.
 He spreadeth the heavens a curtain on high ;
 And midst of the waters His chamber-beams lie.

He maketh the storms His heralds to go :
 The lightnings to serve Him run to and fro :
 On wings of the winds He walketh abroad :
 The swift-rolling clouds are the chariot of God.

That earth should not move, its groundwork He laid ;
 And o'er it the deep, a garment He spread.
 O'erflooding the mountains the waters are poured :
 But when Thou rebukest, they flee at Thy word.

Thou makest the streams through vallies to flow :
 Thou causest the grass for cattle to grow ;
 And wine for mankind, that may gladden the heart ;
 And corn that may strength to the hungry impart.

Thou sendest the moon for seasons to run ;
 And markest the path and course of the sun.
 O Lord, with what wisdom Thy works are all wrought !
 The earth and the sea with Thy riches are fraught.

God's joy in His works shall always endure :
 His glory and praise for ever is sure.
 To Thee while I breathe will I lift up my voice ;
 And so shall I please Thee, and in Thee rejoice.

PSALM CV.

COME, pour your thanks forth to the Lord ;
 And call upon His name :
 Among the nations sing to Him :
 His wondrous deeds proclaim.

Let all your glory be in Him,
 And in His holy word :
 Let every heart be full of joy,
 That truly seeks the Lord.

O seek the Lord ! seek ye His strength :
 Yea, daily seek His face :
 Remember all His wondrous works,
 The marvels of His grace.

Engrave the judgements of His mouth
 Upon your hearts, ye seed
 Of Abraham, the man of God,
 Ye Israelites indeed.

He is the Lord our God : His word
 Gives law to all the earth :
 His promise He hath kept, and brought
 His joyful people forth.

The heathen lands He gave to them ;
 On them His blessings poured ;
 That they might keep His holy laws.
 Ye people, praise the Lord !

PSALM CVI.

O PRAISE the Lord ! for He is good :
 His mercy lasts for aye.
 Who can declare His mighty deeds,
 Or all His praise display ?

Blessed are they who keep His law,
 And always walk aright.
 O deal with me, Lord, as with those
 In whom Thou takest delight.

Yea, visit me, O Lord my God,
 With Thy all-saving health !
 That I may see Thy people's bliss,
 And glory in their wealth.

We too have, like our fathers, sinned :
 Much evil we have done.
 Yet Thou redeemedst them ; Thy power
 And grace Thou madest known.

Lord, save us too, and bring us forth
 From out the heathen throng ;
 That we may praise Thy holy name
 In our triumphant song.

All blessings to the Lord our God,
 For ever and for ever !
 Let all the people say, Amen !
 O praise the Lord for ever !

PSALM CVII.

FIRST PART.

O PRAISE the Lord ! for He is good :
 His mercy lives for ever :
 Let them give thanks, whom from their foes
 His goodness does deliver.

Let them give thanks, whom He hath brought
 From every land on earth.
 From East and West, from North and South,
 He calls His chosen forth.

We wandered through the wilderness,
 And found no place of rest :
 With hunger and with thirst our souls
 Were grievously opprest.

Then to the Lord we raised our cry
 In this our sore distress ;
 And by His grace were we redeemed
 From all our wretchedness.

He led us forth into His way,
 And there became our Guide,
 That to a city we might go,
 Where we might aye abide.

O that mankind would glorify
 The Lord in word and thought,
 For all the wonders that for them
 His power and love hath wrought !

PSALM CVII.

SECOND PART.

No man can long for grace, but God
 Will hearken to his cries :
 The soul that hungers for His love,
 He fully satisfies.

In deepest darkness long we lay,
 Beneath the shade of death,
 With heavy chains of iron bound,
 And by the fear of wrath ;

Because against the word of God
 We impiously had fought ;
 Because our stubborn hearts His laws
 Profanely set at nought.

With woe He then brought down our hearts :
 We fell, no help could gain ;
 Till in our grief we cried to God,
 Who saved us from our pain.

He out of darkness brought us forth,
 And from death's dismal night :
 He burst our iron bands at once
 Asunder by His light.

O that mankind would glorify
 The Lord in word and thought,
 For all the wondrous works of love
 That He for man hath wrought !

PSALM CVII.

THIRD PART.

THE Lord cast down our prison-gates
By His Almighty hand :
He smote the iron bars in twain :
Nought can His love withstand.

They who will madly break His laws,
Must sore afflictions bear :
Their souls abhor all kind of meat :
To death's gates they draw near.

Then in their grief they cry to God,
Who saves them from their woes :
He sends His word, and heals their wounds,
And frees them from their foes.

O that mankind would glorify
The Lord in word and thought,
For all the wonders of His love
That He for man hath wrought !

Let praises and thanksgiving be
Their joyful sacrifice :
And while they speak of all His works,
Let songs of triumph rise.

PSALM CVII.

FOURTH PART.

THEY who in ships go through the sea,
And o'er great waters sweep,
These men behold God's mighty works,
His wonders in the deep.

He speaks the word; the winds burst forth,
And toss the waves amain:
And now they mount up straight to heaven,
And now rush down again.

Their souls are faint with fear and awe,
And almost melt away:
They reel and stagger, as though drunk,
Grow senseless through dismay.

Then do they raise their cry to God,
Who rescues them from ill:
He turns the storm into a calm;
And all the waves are still.

Glad now are they, because they rest,
And float on quietly:
Thus they are to the haven brought,
Where they desired to be.

O that mankind would glorify
The Lord in word and thought,
For all the wondrous works of love
That He for man hath wrought!

PSALM CVII.

FIFTH PART.

THE rivers and the water-springs
 God turns into dry ground :
 The fruitful land He layeth bare,
 When sins therein abound.

The wilderness and barren ground
 He turns to water-springs ;
 And thither to a fair abode
 His hungry people brings.

They sow the fields, and vineyards plant,
 That plenteous fruit supply :
 His blessings on them He outpours :
 They greatly multiply.

When proud they grow, He brings them low,
 By sorrow and distress :
 He casts the princes out to roam
 Along the wilderness.

But out of woe He leads the poor,
 And guides them like His sheep.
 The just shall see this, and rejoice ;
 The wicked, silence keep.

Whoso is wise, and in his mind
 God's dealings will record,
 He clearly shall behold the love
 And mercy of the Lord.

PSALM CVIII.

My heart is fixt, O Lord : my tongue
 Of Thee its song shall make.
 Awake, my lute ! wake thou, my harp !
 I too will early wake.

Through all the nations of the earth
 Thy name I 'll magnify.
 Thy mercy reacheth to the heavens,
 Thy truth beyond the sky.

Shew forth Thy throne above the heavens,
 Thy glory o'er the earth ;
 That Thy beloved may be freed,
 And joy with holy mirth.

Who 'll lead our arms against the walls
 That in their strength make boast ?
 O God of battles, wilt not Thou
 Go with Thy chosen host ?

In all our troubles help us, Lord :
 In man there is no stay.
 Through Thee we shall do valiant deeds ;
 Thou'lt drive our foes away.

PSALM CIX.

O FOR Thy name's sake, gracious Lord,
 Deal graciously with me!
 As Thou in mercy dost delight,
 My soul from evil free.

For I am poor ; my need is great ;
 My wounded heart doth moan :
 E'en like a shadow when the day
 Departeth, I am gone.

According to Thy mercy, Lord,
 Thy saving help bestow ;
 That men may see how Thou dost aid
 Thy servants in their woe.

Then I will glorify Thy grace
 With all my heart and tongue :
 Among th' assembled multitude
 Thy deeds shall be my song.

For Thou wilt stand at our right hand,
 When we in danger lie,
 To save us from the cruel foes,
 Who doom our souls to die.

PSALM CX.

THE Lord unto my Lord thus spake :
Sit Thou at my right hand ;
Until I make Thy foes a stool
Whereon Thy feet shall stand.

The Lord from Zion will stretch forth
 The sceptre of Thy might.
 Howe'er Thy foes withstand Thine arm,
 Rule Thou before their sight.

Thy people, in Thy day of power,
 Shall serve Thee with delight :
 Like dew from morning's womb, shall they
 Throng forth in beauty bright.

The God of truth Himself hath sworn,
 And He repenteth never :
Of th' order of Melchizedek
Thou art a Priest for ever.

The Lord on Thy right hand will smite
 Kings in His day of wrath :
 Among the heathen He will judge,
 And strew the land with death.

When faint, Thou of the brook wilt drink,
 That runneth by the way :
 So Thou wilt raise Thy head on high
 In Thy triumphant day.

PSALM CXI.

FIRST PART.

PRAISE ye the Lord ! praise Him, my heart !
His praise shall be my song,
Amid th' assembly of the just,
Where'er His people throng.

His works are great, sought out by all
Therein who take delight :
Glorious and wonderful are they ;
They stand on truth and right.

His righteousness will ne'er wax old :
Through all eternity,
The wonders He hath wrought shall live
In thankful memory.

The souls that fear Him He doth feed :
So gracious is the Lord,
And full of mercy : He will aye
Be mindful of His word.

PSALM CXI.

SECOND PART.

GOD to His people shewed His power,
 When, bursting all their bands,
 He gave them for a heritage
 The heathen's fruitful lands.

His works are righteousness and truth :
 All His commands are sure :
 In holy justice they are wrought,
 And shall for aye endure.

His people He from death redeemed :
 He gave to them His law,
 And everlasting covenant :
 His name is girt with awe.

The fear of God is wisdom's birth :
 A prudent mind have they,
 Who straight along His precepts walk :
 His praise endures for aye.

PSALM CXII.

BLEST is the man who fears the Lord,
 And greatly joys to do His word.
 His seed shall flourish on the earth :
 For they are blessed in their birth.

His house with riches shall abound :
 His truth with honour shall be crowned :
 Upon the righteous light shall rise,
 While all around in darkness lies.

Mercy is always in his sight :
 In works of love he takes delight :
 His bounty for the poor provides :
 And prudence all his doings guides.

He ne'er shall fail : his memory
 Shall flourish everlastingly.
 No fear shall daunt him on his road :
 His heart is fixt, and trusts in God.

His foes before Him shall be cast :
 His righteousness shall alway last :
 A crown of glory's his reward :
 Rejoice, ye just, and praise the Lord.

PSALM CXIII.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
 Exalt His holy name.
 For ever blessed be our God!
 His truth and grace proclaim.

He, from the rising of the sun,
 To where it falls, is praised.
 His glory high above the earth,
 Above the heavens is raised.

Who with Jehovah can compare?
 Whose dwelling is so high;
 And yet on things in heaven and earth
 He stoops to cast His eye.

The poor He raises from the dust,
 Where they their sorrows hide,
 To place them high among the great,
 E'en by His princes side.

The barren woman He doth make
 The mother of a house,
 With sons and daughters blesses her:
 With joy she pays her vows.

PSALM CXIV.

WHEN out of Egypt Israel
 Came by the Lord's command,
 And Jacob's children moved their tents
 From Pharaoh's heathen land ;

In Judah God His holiness,
 In Israel shewed His sway.
 The sea beheld it, and rolled back ;
 And Jordan shrank away.

Like rams the mountains danced ; like lambs
 The hills leapt to and fro.
 O sea, why fledst thou ? Jordan, back
 Why did thy waters flow ?

What fear, ye mountains, o'er you came,
 That ye should leap like rams ?
 And was it fear or joy, ye hills,
 That made you bound like lambs ?

Bow down and tremble, earth, before
 The presence of the Lord :
 Before Jehovah tremble thou,
 When He sends forth His word.

He from the hard and stony rock
 Will gushing fountains bring :
 He turns the dry and barren ground
 Into a living spring.

PSALM CXV.

FIRST PART.

O NOT for us, Lord, not for us,
 But for Thine own name's sake,
 To shew Thy mercy and Thy truth,
 Do Thou the glory take !

Let not the unbelievers say,
Where is their God now gone ?
 Our God is in the heavens: whate'er
 He purpost He hath done.

Their idols silver are and gold,
 That men carve out and make.
 Eyes they have, but they cannot see ;
 And mouths, but never spake.

Ears too have they, but hear no sound ;
 Noses, yet smell they not :
 Their hands and feet have never moved :
 No breath flows through their throat.

Like them their makers are, and all
 On them their trust who build.
 But thou, O Israel, trust in God !
 He is thy Help and Shield.

O house of Aaron, trust in God !
 Your Help and Shield is He.
 All ye who fear Him, trust in God :
 Your Help and Shield He 'll be.

PSALM CXV.

SECOND PART.

THE Lord His servants ne'er forsakes :
 He'll bless them more and more.
 On Israel and Aaron's house
 His blessings He will pour.

All ye who love and fear the Lord,
 He'll bless you, high and low :
 On you and on your seed His grace
 More richly He'll bestow.

Ye shall be blessed by the Lord,
 Who made the earth and heaven.
 The heaven, the highest heavens, are God's ;
 Earth He to man hath given.

They who in death and silence sleep,
 God's praises ne'er proclaim :
 But we henceforth for evermore
 Will magnify His name.

PSALM CXVI.

FIRST PART.

MY soul rejoices; for the Lord
 Vouchsafes my prayer to hear.
 Long as I live, I'll call on Him,
 Who to my cry gives ear.

The sorrows and the snares of death
 Had compast me around:
 The pains of hell gat hold on me:
 Dismay and woe I found.

Then on the name of God I called,
 From out my wretchedness:
Lord, I beseech Thee, save my soul,
In this my sore distress!

The Lord is merciful and just;
 Yea, gracious is the Lord:
 He saves the simple: in my woe
 Did God His help afford.

Return now to thy rest, my soul;
 For God hath rescued thee.
 My soul from death, my eyes from tears,
 Jehovah, Thou dost free.

My feet from falling Thou hast saved
 By Thy preserving grace:
 Here in the land of life shall I
 Still walk before Thy face.

PSALM CXVI.

SECOND PART.

LORD, what return to Thee shall I
 For all Thy mercies make?
 Upon Thy holy name I'll call,
 The cup of blessing take.

Before His people I will pay
 My vows to the Most High.
 Right precious is it in God's sight,
 When they who love Him die.

O look upon Thy servant, Lord!
 Look graciously on me,
 Thy servant, me, Thy handmaid's son,
 Whom Thou from bonds didst free.

Of thanks and praise to Thee I'll bring
 A holy sacrifice:
 Before Thy congregation's sight
 My vows to Thee shall rise.

Yea, in the courts of God's own house
 I'll praise His blessed name:
 I'll praise Him in the midst of thee,
 Holy Jerusalem.

PSALM CXVII.

O ALL ye nations of the earth,
Sing praises to the Lord!
Ye people, tribes, and languages,
Praise Him with one accord!

For great to-us-ward still have been
His lovingkindnesses :
His truth endures for evermore.
His name come all and bless.

PSALM CXVIII.

FIRST PART.

O PRAISE the Lord! for He is good :
 His mercy lasts for ever.
 Let all His people now confess,
 His mercy faileth never.

Now let the house of Aaron say,
 His mercy lasts for ever.
 Let all who fear the Lord declare,
 His mercy faileth never.

In my distress I called on God ;
 And He did answer me.
 He brought me forth, and set my soul
 At large, from danger free.

The Lord of Hosts is on my side :
 I will not be afraid.
 Whatever man can do to me,
 I shall not be dismayed.

The Lord Jehovah taketh part
 With those who succour me.
 On all who hate me, my desire
 Fulfilled I soon shall see.

PSALM CXVIII.

SECOND PART.

'Tis better far to trust in God,
 Than rest on man's defense ;
 Better to trust in God, than make
 Princes our confidence.

The powers of evil, yoked in league,
 Have compast me around :
 But in the Lord's almighty name
 Their armies I'll confound.

They hemmed me in on every side ;
 They hemmed me in, I say :
 But in the Lord's almighty name
 I'll drive them all away.

They compast me about, like bees :
 But they are quencht, like flame
 Among the thorns : their swarms I'll rout
 In God's almighty name.

My foes thrust sore, that I might fall :
 But God hath holpen me :
 He my Salvation is become ;
 My Strength and Song is He.

PSALM CXVIII.

THIRD PART.

AMONG the dwellings of the just,
 Is heard the melody
 Of joy and health : the Lord's right hand
 Aye doeth valiantly.

The right hand of our mighty Lord
 Exalted is on high :
 The right hand of the Lord of Hosts
 Aye doeth valiantly.

I shall not die, but live, and all
 God's gracious deeds adore.
 My soul He chastened ; but to death
 He would not give me o'er.

Now therefore open throw to me
 The gates of righteousness :
 With praiseful heart I 'll enter in ;
 And there the Lord I 'll bless.

This is the gate of God : hereby
 The just shall enter in.
 I 'll praise Thee ; for Thou heardst my cry :
 My Saviour Thou hast been.

PSALM CXVIII.

FOURTH PART.

THE Stone the builders cast away,
 Is now the Cornerstone.
 This deed, so wondrous in our eyes,
 The Lord Himself hath done.

This is the day the Lord hath made :
 We'll raise up heart and voice.
 O save us now, we pray Thee, Lord !
 And make our souls rejoice.

Blessed be He who comes to us
 In God's allholy name !
 From out the house of God, on you
 Our blessings we proclaim.

God is the Lord, who on our souls
 Hath made His light arise.
 With cords now, to the altar's horns
 Bind ye the sacrifice.

Thou art my God : Thee will I praise ;
 Thee will I glorify.
 Give thanks to God : His mercy lasts
 Through all eternity.

PSALM CXIX.

FIRST PART.

BLESSED are they, whose lives are pure
 And upright in God's way ;
 Who in the Lord's allholy law
 Walk onward day by day.

Blessed are they, whose souls to keep
 His statutes are inclined ;
 Who alway seek the living God
 With earnest heart and mind.

Their path is in His ways : they flee
 From all iniquity.
 Thou hast commanded us to keep
 Thy law with heedful eye.

O that my ways were made so straight,
 That I might keep Thy law !
 Then shall I ne'er be shamed, when I
 Hold Thy commands in awe.

With heart unfeigned I'll praise Thee, Lord,
 When I Thy judgements know.
 Thy precepts I'll obey : O God,
 Far from me do not go !

PSALM CXIX.

SECOND PART.

How shall a young man learn, O Lord,
 To purify His way?
 By taking heed to keep Thy law,
 And make Thy word his stay.

I long have sought Thee earnestly,
 Yea, with a yearning heart.
 O from the path of Thy commands
 Ne'er let my feet depart!

I've laid Thy word up in my heart,
 That I may flee from sin.
 Teach me Thy statutes, blessed Lord;
 So shall I walk therein.

The judgements of Thy mouth have I
 Declared to be my choice:
 Far more than riches, Thy commands
 Have made my soul rejoice.

Upon Thy precepts all my thoughts,
 All my desires are set:
 Thy statutes shall be my delight:
 Thy word I'll ne'er forget.

PSALM CXIX.

THIRD PART.

To me Thy servant, O my God,
 Thy bounteous grace afford :
 So through Thy favour I shall live,
 And keep Thy holy word.

Unseal my eyes, that of Thy law
 The wonders I may see.
 I am a stranger on the earth :
 Hide not Thy law from me.

My soul is faint with strong desire ;
 My spirit will not rest ;
 Thy judgements I so long to know,
 And what will please Thee best.

Thou hast rebuked the stubborn hearts,
 That from Thy precepts swerve.
 O take reproach and shame from me !
 For I Thy laws observe.

Against me princes spake : but on
 Thy law I set my heart :
 Thy testimonies are my joy ;
 My Counsellor Thou art.

PSALM CXIX.

FOURTH PART.

My soul lies cleaving to the dust :
 Give me Thy life, O Lord !
 I've spread my ways before Thy sight :
 Teach me to know Thy word.

Enable me to understand
 The secrets of Thy law :
 Then of Thy wondrous works I'll talk,
 That men shall hear with awe.

My soul is melting fast away ;
 So heavily I grieve :
 According to Thy holy word,
 My fainting heart relieve.

Remove all lying ways from me :
 Thy law before me lay :
 I've made the paths of truth my choice :
 Thy judgements are my stay.

Lord, to Thy promises I cling :
 O put me not to shame !
 Enlarge my heart to know Thy will :
 To run therein I'll aim.

PSALM CXIX.

FIFTH PART.

TEACH me, O Lord, Thy righteous ways!
 That I may keep Thy law.
 O grant me wisdom, to abide
 Therein with holy awe!

In Thy commandments make me walk :
 In them is my delight.
 From earthly cravings raise my heart :
 Thy word upon it write.

Withdraw my eyes from vanity :
 Uphold me in Thy way :
 Let me be rooted in Thy word,
 To fear Thee and obey.

Take from me the reproach I dread :
 For Thou art full of grace.
 Lo, for Thy precepts I have longed :
 O let me run Thy race!

PSALM CXIX.

SIXTH PART.

O LET Thy mercies visit me,
 E'en Thy salvation, Lord!
 The scorers I will put to shame:
 My trust is in Thy word.

The word of truth out of my mouth
 Take Thou not utterly:
 Upon Thy righteous promises
 Do all my hopes rely.

Then shall I keep Thy holy law,
 And serve Thee all my days:
 And I shall walk at liberty;
 Because I seek Thy ways.

I'll of Thy testimonies speak
 To kings, by shame unmoved:
 In Thy commandments I'll delight,
 That I so long have loved.

As Thy commandments I have loved,
 To them my hands I'll raise:
 And this shall be my chief delight,
 To think of all Thy ways.

PSALM CXIX.

SEVENTH PART.

REMEMBER, Lord, Thy gracious word,
 Which made me hope in Thee.
 This is my comfort in my woe:
 Thy word hath quickened me.

The proud deride me ; from Thy law
 Yet I have ne'er declined.
 I call to mind Thy righteous deeds
 Of old, and comfort find.

Horror took hold on me, because
 Thy laws th' ungodly break.
 In this my house of pilgrimage
 Thy laws my songs I make.

I've thought upon Thy name by night :
 I've kept Thy law, O Lord.
 Because Thy precepts I've observed,
 Hath this been my reward.

PSALM CXIX.

EIGHTH PART.

THOU art my Portion, Lord: I've said,
 That I will keep Thy word.
 With my whole heart I've sought Thy grace:
 That grace to me afford.

I thought of all my goings on,
 And turned into Thy way:
 I loitered not, but came with haste
 Thy statutes to obey.

The proud have robbed me; yet Thy law
 Is still my chief delight.
 To praise Thee I'll at midnight rise;
 Because Thou judgest right.

To all who fear Thee, and fulfill
 Thy law, I am a friend.
 The earth is of Thy mercy full:
 To me Thy wisdom send.

PSALM CXIX.

NINTH PART.

ACCORDING to Thy promise, Lord,
To me hast Thou shewn forth Thy grace.
With understanding quicken me :
For I Thy word with faith embrace.

Before my sorrows o'er me came,
I strayed : but now I keep Thy word.
Lord, Thou art good, and doest good :
Teach me Thy statutes, gracious Lord.

The proud against me forged a lie ;
But I'll walk straight before Thy sight.
Their hearts are swoln and fat as brawn ;
But in Thy precepts I delight.

My sorrows wrought much good for me :
By them I learnt Thy laws to hold.
Thy words to me more precious are,
Than mines of silver or of gold.

PSALM CXIX.

TENTH PART.

THY hands, Lord, made and fashioned me :
 Teach me Thy precepts to embrace.
 With joy Thy servants will behold,
 How in Thy word my hopes I place.

I know, Thy judgements all are right ;
 In faithfulness Thou smitest me.
 According to Thy promise, let
 Thy loving grace my comfort be.

Give me Thy grace, that I may live ;
 For my delight is in Thy laws.
 Cast down the proud with shame ; for they
 Are bent to harm me without cause.

Let those who fear Thee turn to me,
 And those who know Thy righteous ways.
 That I may ne'er be shamed, my soul
 To health by Thy commandments raise.

PSALM CXIX.

ELEVENTH PART.

MY soul for Thy salvation faints ;
But in Thy word, Lord, still I trust.
My eyes are dim with seeking Thee :
When wilt Thou raise me from the dust ?

I'm like a bottle in the smoke :
Yet ne'er do I forget Thy word.
How many are my days ? against
My foes when wilt Thou draw Thy sword ?

The proud have dug deep pits for me :
They scorn and trample on Thy laws.
Thy word is faithful : help me, Lord !
They seek to slay me without cause.

They almost drove me from the earth :
Yet from Thy paths I would not swerve.
O with Thy mercy quicken me !
That I Thy statutes may observe.

PSALM CXIX.

TWELFTH PART.

THY word, O Lord, in heaven is throned :
Thy faithfulness for aye shall last :
The earth's foundations Thou didst lay
Of old ; and still it standeth fast.

As Thou ordainedst them, they now
Abide ; for they Thy servants are.
Unless Thy word had been my joy,
My soul had sunk through grief and care.

Thy precepts I will ne'er forsake ;
For Thou with them hast quickened me.
I'm wholly Thine : O save me, Lord !
I've sought to serve Thee faithfully.

Th' ungodly to destroy me wait :
But in Thy ways I still have trod.
All earthly glory soon doth end :
Thy law alone is passing broad.

PSALM CXIX.

THIRTEENTH PART.

I love Thy precepts, Lord,
 And ponder them all day.
 They make me wiser than my foes ;
 For they are aye my stay.

In understanding hence
 My teachers I excell :
 Yea, I surpass the men of old ;
 Because on them I dwell.

My feet from ill I've stayed,
 That I might keep Thy word :
 I've ne'er departed from Thy paths ;
 For Thou hast taught me, LORD.

Than honey to my mouth,
 Far sweeter is Thy word :
 In wisdom through Thy laws I've grown,
 And all false ways abhorred.

PSALM CXIX.

FOURTEENTH PART.

THY word a lamp is to my feet,
And to my path a light :
I've sworn, LORD, and will keep my vow,
To walk before Thy sight.

I'm bent with woes : O quicken me,
According to Thy word !
Accept the offerings of my mouth :
Teach me Thy judgements, Lord.

My soul is always in my hand :
Yet Thee I'll ne'er forget.
From Thee I swerved not, though for me
A snare the wicked set.

Thy words shall be my heritage :
They make my heart rejoice :
To keep them, and abide in them
For ever, is my choice.

PSALM CXIX.

FIFTEENTH PART.

I LOVE thy law, and hate
 All thoughts of vanity.
 Thou art my Castle, Lord, my Shield :
 On Thee I still rely.

Ye sinners, flee from me :
 My God I will obey.
 Uphold me, Lord, that I may live,
 Nor falter by the way.

Hold me : I shall be safe :
 Thy word have I believed.
 They who forsake Thee are trod down,
 By their own wiles deceived.

Thou castest sin away,
 Like dross : I love Thy word :
 My flesh doth quake for fear of Thee :
 I dread Thy judgements, Lord.

PSALM CXIX.

SIXTEENTH PART.

JUDGEMENT and justice I have wrought :
 Leave me not to th' oppressor's might :
 Be surety for Thy servant, Lord :
 Against my foes go forth to fight.

My eyes are failing, for Thy truth
 And Thy salvation while I gaze :
 As Thou art gracious, deal with me,
 And shew me all Thy righteous ways.

I am Thy servant : give me light,
 That I Thy laws may understand.
 'Tis time, O Lord, for Thee to work :
 For men make void Thy just command.

Therefore do I Thy precepts love,
 Above fine gold Thy statutes prize :
 All Thou ordainest right I deem,
 And hate the wayward paths of lies.

PSALM CXIX.

SEVENTEENTH PART.

THY judgements, Lord, are wonderful :
Therefore my soul to keep them tries.
Thy word, whene'er it goeth forth,
Gives light, and makes the simple wise.

My mouth I opened pantingly :
For Thee such longing o'er me came.
Look Thou on me, as Thou art wont
On those who love Thy holy name.

O guide my footsteps in Thy paths !
Then evil o'er me shall not reign.
From man's oppression rescue me :
Thy righteous judgements I'll maintain.

On me, Lord, make Thy glory shine :
Enlighten me Thy word to know.
Because men will not keep Thy laws,
My eyes with water overflow.

PSALM CXIX.

EIGHTEENTH PART.

RIGHTEOUS art Thou, O LORD !
 Thy judgements all are just.
 Thy promises are true and sure
 For those in them who trust.

Thy word is very pure :
 Therefore I love it, Lord :
 My zeal consumes my heart, because
 My foes forsake Thy word.

Low am I, and despised :
 Yet Thee I ne'er forget.
 Thy righteousness endures for aye :
 Thy law on truth is set.

Though trouble weighs me down,
 Thy law is my delight :
 With Thy eternal righteousness
 Teach me to live aright.

PSALM CXIX.

NINETEENTH PART.

WITH my whole heart I cried: Lord, hear!
 Thy word I will obey.
 I cried to Thee: O save me, Lord!
 I'll walk along Thy way.

Before the dawn I rise, and cry:
 In Thee I hope, O LORD!
 Before the midnight watch I wake,
 To ponder o'er Thy word.

According to Thy mercy hear
 My voice, and quicken me.
 My cruel foes are drawing nigh:
 They wander far from Thee.

But Thou, O God, art near me still:
 All Thy commands are sure:
 Thy judgements Thou hast grounded fast,
 For ever to endure.

PSALM CXIX.

TWENTIETH PART.

LOOK ON my woe, and save me, LORD :
 I ne'er forget Thy laws.
 As Thou hast promist, quicken me :
 Come forth and plead my cause.

Salvation stands from sinners far :
 They walk not in Thy ways.
 Thy tender mercies boundless are :
 Do Thou my soul upraise.

A host of foes would drag me down :
 Thy laws yet I'll preserve :
 I grieve, when I transgressors see,
 How from Thy paths they swerve.

I love Thy law : as Thou art kind,
 My fainting heart renew.
 Thy righteous judgements stand for aye :
 Thy word is always true.

PSALM CXIX.

TWENTY-FIRST PART.

THE mighty strove to slay me, Lord,
Although no cause they saw :
But still my heart stands fast in Thee,
And holds Thy word in awe.

Like one who findeth store of spoil,
I in Thy law rejoice :
The ways of falsehood I abhor :
Thy word is aye my choice.

Seven times a day I sing Thy praise,
Because Thou judgest right.
Great peace have they who love Thy law :
No cloud shall quench their light.

For Thy salvation I have hoped :
Thy precepts I have wrought :
I love them with my heart and soul,
And aye to keep them sought.

PSALM CXIX.

TWENTY-SECOND PART.

O LET my cry before Thee mount,
 And give me understanding, Lord !
 Let my entreaty reach Thine ear :
 Save me, according to Thy word.

When Thou hast taught me in Thy law,
 My lips shall joy to sing Thy praise :
 What Thou ordainest, I will speak ;
 For just and true are all Thy ways.

O let Thy hand uphold my steps !
 For Thy commandments are my choice.
 For Thy salvation I have longed ;
 And in Thy precepts I rejoice.

Let my soul live : I'll praise Thy name :
 And let Thy judgements be my aid :
 O seek me ! for I love Thy law,
 Like a lost sheep although I've strayed.

PSALM CXX.

IN my distress I called on God ;
 And He gave ear to me.
 From lying lips and guileful tongues
 My soul, O Lord, set free !

What shall be given to thee, or what
 Be done to thee, false tongue ?
 Hot burning coals of juniper ;
 Sharp arrows of the strong.

Alas for me, that I so long
 In Mesech must abide !
 Alas that here, in Kedar's tents,
 My sorrows I must hide !

My soul hath long a dweller been
 With those who peace abhor.
 I am for peace : but, when I speak,
 They cry aloud for war.

PSALM CXXI.

I RAISE my eyes up to the hills :
 Whence will my help come forth ?
 My help comes from the Lord of hosts,
 Who made the heavens and earth.

He will not let thy feet be moved :
 His watchful eyes ne'er close :
 The Lord who keepeth Israel,
 No sleep or slumber knows.

The Lord, thy Guardian, as thy shade
 At thy right hand will stay.
 No moon shall work thee harm by night ;
 No sun shall smite by day.

The Lord will keep thee from all ill :
 Thy soul He will preserve ;
 And guide thy goings out and in,
 That thou shalt never swerve.

PSALM CXXII.

GLAD was I when they said to me,
We to God's house will go :
In thee, Jerusalem, our feet
Shall stand on Zion's brow.

Jerusalem a city is
 Compactly built together :
 And to it all the tribes go up ;
 The tribes of God go thither.

To testify for Israel,
 Their thanks to God they bring.
 For there the seats of judgement stand ;
 There David's Son is King.

O pray ye for Jerusalem,
 That she may dwell in peace !
 All they who love Jerusalem,
 Their wealth shall aye increase.

Within thy beauteous walls may peace
 A constant guest remain !
 And in thy noble palaces
 May plenty always reign !

Now for my friends and brethren's sake,
 Peace be with thee, I say.
 Because in thee God placed His house,
 For thee I'll ever pray.

PSALM CXXIII.

O THOU who dwellest in the heavens !
I raise my eyes to Thee ;
E'en as a servant's eyes are raised,
His master's hand to see.

As maidens on their mistress wait,
So do our eyes attend
Upon the Lord our God, until
His grace to us He send.

Have mercy on us, God of might !
Have mercy, gracious Lord !
For on our heads contempt and scorn
By all Thy foes are poured.

PSALM CXXIV.

UNLESS the Lord had fought for us,
His people now may say,
Had God not fought for us, when hosts
Arose our souls to slay ;

Their wrath had swallowed us alive ;
So fiercely they did rave ;
The floods had whelmed us, and our souls
Had sunk beneath the wave.

Yea, the proud waters, swelling high,
Would over us have rolled.
But God would not allow their teeth
To prey upon His fold.

Our souls are rescued, like a bird
Out of the fowler's snare :
The snare asunder has been burst ;
And now at large we are.

Our sure and all-prevailing help
Is in Jehovah's name ;
The name of Him whose mighty Word
The heavens and earth did frame.

PSALM CXXV.

ALL they who place their trust in God,
 Shall stand like Zion's hill,
Which from its seat shall ne'er be moved,
 But fast abideth still.

Behold the mountains, how they gird
 Jerusalem around:
Thus God aye round His people stands,
 And by their side is found.

The power of evil o'er the lot
 Of just men shall not lie:
The righteous shall not be constrained
 To work iniquity.

On those who walk with faithful hearts,
 Thy blessings, Lord, outpour:
Upon Thy people Israel
 Let peace be evermore.

PSALM CXXVI.

WHEN God brought Zion's captives home,
 Like men that dream were we :
 Our mouths with laughter overflowed,
 Our lips with melody.

The heathens said, *Their God for them*
Great things hath surely wrought.
 Yea, great things He hath wrought for us :
 Our souls with joy are fraught.

Like streams that summer's heat hath dried,
 Thy bondmen, Lord, restore.
 All they who sow in tears, shall reap
 In joy, a plenteous store.

The man, who, bearing precious seed,
 Goes forth in time of grief,
 Shall doubtless come rejoicing home,
 With many a goodly sheaf.

PSALM CXXVII.

UNLESS the Lord shall rear the house,
The builders waste their pain :
Unless the Lord the city guard,
The watchman wakes in vain.

'Tis all in vain to rise betimes,
Or late from rest to keep,
To eat in care : for those He loves
God blesses while they sleep.

Lo, children are a heritage
That cometh from the Lord :
The sons of youth like arrows are
In a strong hand upstored.

Happy is he whose quiver's filled
With arrows of such might :
He shall not quail, when in the gate
Foes dare him to the fight.

PSALM CXXVIII.

BLEST art thou who fearest God,
Walking straight along His ways.
Of thy labour thou shalt eat :
Thou shalt prosper all thy days.

Like a vine upon thy house,
Shall thy wife with fruit be crowned :
Children fair, like olive-plants,
Shall thy table stand around.

Thus, if thou dost fear the Lord,
Blessed thou shalt surely be.
God from Zion's hill will pour
All His bounteous gifts on thee.

Thou shalt see Jerusalem
Still in bliss and joy increase :
Children's children Thou shalt see,
Judah flourishing in peace.

PSALM CXXX.

IN deepest woe to Thee I cry :
 O Lord, my groaning hear !
 And to the voice of my complaint
 Incline a gracious ear.

Lord, who shall stand, if Thou art strait
 To mark iniquity ?
 But grace with Thee and mercy dwell :
 Feared therefore Thou shalt be.

I wait for God ; my soul doth wait ;
 My hope is in His word :
 As they who for the morning watch,
 My soul waits for the Lord.

Yea, more than they who longing watch
 To see the morning light.
 O Israel, trust thou in God,
 Whose mercy shineth bright !

Redemption and Salvation stand
 Before His holy face :
 His people He from all their sins
 Will rescue by His grace.

PSALM CXXXI.

I AM not proud of heart, O Lord !
No scorn is in my eye :
Nor do I raise and strain my thoughts
Tow'rd things for me too high.

But I have lulled my soul to rest,
E'en like a weaned child,
A weaned child, that to its loss
Is calmly reconciled.

O Israel, let all your hope
On God alone rely :
Trust in the Lord from this time forth,
To all eternity.

PSALM CXXXII.

FIRST PART.

REMEMBER David, gracious Lord,
 And all the griefs he bare ;
 How to the Lord he vowed a vow,
 To Jacob's God he sware :

*I will not go into my house,
 Nor lie upon my bed ;
 No sleep shall fall upon my eyes,
 No slumber bow my head ;*

*Till for Jehovah I have found
 A temple and abode,
 A habitation bright and fair
 For Israel's mighty God.*

At Ephrata, in Bethlehem,
 We heard the cheering voice :
 When in the fields, amid the wood,
 It made our hearts rejoice.

O come, and to God's temple speed ;
 Before His face appear ;
 Come to His footstool ; there bow down,
 And worship Him in fear.

PSALM CXXXII.

SECOND PART.

ARISE, Lord! to Thy temple come,
 Thine ancient resting-place:
 Among Thy people there abide,
 With Thy almighty grace.

Let those who by Thine altars wait,
 Be clothed with righteousness:
 Let all Thy saints with shouts of joy
 Thy tender mercy bless.

O for Thy servant David's sake,
 Be gracious, Lord, we pray:
 To Thine Anointed King give ear,
 Nor from Him turn away.

The Lord to David sware,—and He
 His truth will aye maintain:
*The Branch that from thy body springs,
 Upon thy throne shall reign.*

*My covenant if thy children keep,
 If they My precepts own,
 Their children too from age to age
 Shall sit upon thy throne.*

PSALM CXXXII.

THIRD PART.

THE Lord hath chosen Zion
 To be His dwelling-place.
This is My rest for ever :
Here will I shew My grace.

I'll bless her with abundance ;
I'll feed her poor with bread ;
Her priests shall all be righteous ;
Joy on her saints I'll shed.

There from the horn of David
Fresh buds shall ever spring :
There forth shall shine the glory
Of My Anointed King.

All they who dare oppose Him,
With shame shall be cast down :
Upon His head shall flourish
An everlasting crown.

PSALM CXXXIII.

BEHOLD, how good a thing it is,
How fair a sight to see,
When brethren all together dwell
In love and unity!

'Tis like the precious ointment poured
On Aaron's sacred head,
Which on his beard ran down, and o'er
His holy garments spread.

Yea, like the gladdening dew that falls
From heaven on Hermon's hills,
That over Zion's mountains flows,
And all the vallies fills.

For there Jehovah has ordained,
Fresh blessings aye shall spring :
There He bestows eternal life
Through His Anointed King.

PSALM CXXXIV.

COME ye, and bless the Lord,
Ye who His servants are ;
Ye who within His temple wait,
And serve Him nightly there.

Upraise your hands on high,
Within His holy place ;
And give the Lord the praises due
To His redeeming grace.

On us from Zion now
May God His blessings pour :
May He who made the heavens and earth,
Bless us for evermore.

PSALM CXXXV.

FIRST PART.

PRAISE ye the Lord! O praise His name!
 His servants, praise your God;
 Ye who within His temple stand,
 And there make your abode.

O praise the Lord! for He is good:
 To Him loud praises sing:
 For sweet and joyful is the task,
 To praise our heavenly King.

From all the nations of the earth,
 The Lord chose Jacob's race,
 And Israel, on whom to pour
 The treasures of His grace.

And this full surely do I know:
 The Lord is very great;
 And far above all gods, on high
 In heaven He holds His seat.

PSALM CXXXV.

SECOND PART.

WHATE'ER the Lord our God hath pleased,
In heaven that aye did He,
And through the earth, and in the deeps
That lie beneath the sea.

E'en from the ends of all the earth,
He makes His clouds arise,
Forth from His treasures draws the winds,
Sends lightnings through the skies.

His wonders He in Egypt shewed,
While we therein did dwell;
Yea, mighty kings He smote, and gave
Their lands to Israel.

Thy name, O God, endures for aye :
No end Thy glory knows.
The Lord to judge His people comes,
And pities all their woes.

PSALM CXXXVI.

O BLESS the Lord: for He is good;
 His mercy liveth ever:
 Yea, to the God of gods give thanks;
 His bounty faileth never:

Who by His wisdom made the heavens;
 His mercy liveth ever:
 And o'er the sea spread out the earth;
 His bounty faileth never:

Who made the sun to rule the day;
 His mercy liveth ever:
 The moon and stars to rule the night;
 His bounty faileth never:

Who all the hosts of Egypt smote;
 His mercy liveth ever:
 And Israel from bondage freed;
 His bounty faileth never:

Who lookt on us when we were low;
 His mercy liveth ever:
 And wrought salvation from our foes;
 His bounty faileth never.

Who to all flesh their food bestows;
 His mercy liveth ever.
 O to the God of heaven give thanks!
 His bounty faileth never.

PSALM CXXXVI.

SECOND VERSION.

COME and with a gladsome mind
 Praise the Lord; for He is kind.
 Come and sound His praise abroad;
 For of gods He is the God:
 Praise Him all with one accord;
 For of lords He is the Lord;
 And His mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

With His wonders He doth make
 Heaven and earth amazed to shake:
 He the skies so full of state
 By His wisdom did create:
 He the swelling floods o'erawed,
 Spread the solid earth abroad:
 For His mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

He by His all-ruling might
 Filled the new-made world with light;
 Bad the golden-tressed sun
 Day by day his course to run,
 And the moon to shine by night,
 Mid her starry sisters bright:
 For His mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

He the hosts of Egypt smote,
 Israel out of bondage brought ;
 Led them through the foaming main,
 Cleft the ruddy waves in twain,
 That they stood like walls of glass,
 While the Hebrew bands did pass :
 For His mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

In the dreary wilderness
 He His chosen folk did bless :
 With a tender pitying eye
 He beheld our misery :
 Our oppressor's cruel yoke,
 Stretching forth His arm, He broke :
 For His mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Every creature He doth feed,
 Bounteously supplies their need.
 Let us therefore shout and sing
 Hallelujahs to our King,
 Who His dwelling holds on high,
 Out of reach of mortal eye :
 For His mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

PSALM CXXXVII.

By Babel's streams we sat, and wept,
O Zion, when we thought on thee :
Meanwhile our silent harps were hung
Hard by upon a willow-tree.

For they who dragged us from our homes,
While we were mourning o'er our wrongs,
Demanded mirth from us, and cried,
Come, sing us one of Zion's songs.

Jehovah's songs how shall we sing,
Here pining in a forein land ?
If I forget Jerusalem,
Forget thy cunning thou, my hand.

Yea, to my mouth cleave thou, my tongue,
If I Jerusalem despise ;
If any joy that earth can yield
Above Jerusalem I prize.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

FIRST PART.

WITH my whole heart I'll bless Thee, Lord ;
 To Thee I'll praises sing,
 Before all gods, and to Thy house
 My glad thank-offerings bring.

The wonders of Thy loving grace
 And truth I will record.
 Beyond Thine ancient glory Thou
 Hast magnified Thy word.

Thou madest answer, when to Thee
 I raised my mournful cry ;
 And by Thy strength my fainting soul
 Renewedst inwardly.

All kings on earth shall praise Thee, Lord,
 When they Thy words shall hear :
 Of all Thy doings they shall sing :
 Thy glory shineth clear.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

SECOND PART.

THOUGH God be high, He looketh down
On them who lowly are :
But all who raise their heads in pride,
He knoweth from afar.

Though in the midst of woes I walk,
Thou wilt revive me still,
Against my foes stretch forth Thy hand,
And shield my soul from ill.

Thou 'lt perfect all Thy work in me :
Thy mercy lasts for aye.
I am the creature of Thy hands :
O cast me not away !

PSALM CXXXIX.

FIRST PART.

LORD, Thou hast searcht and found me out:
Thou seest my lying down,
And rising up: my secret thoughts
To Thee before are known.

About my path and bed Thou art;
My ways dost Thou surround:
No word can rise upon my tongue,
But Thou wilt hear the sound.

Behind, before, Thou hemst me in:
On me Thou layst Thy hand:
Such knowledge is too wonderful
For me to understand.

PSALM CXXXIX.

SECOND PART.

FROM Thee, Lord, whither shall I go?
 Or whither from Thy presence fly?
 I mount to heaven, and Thou art there;
 There too, if down in hell I lie.

If on the morning's wings I speed
 To islands in the furthest sea,
 E'en there Thy hand will be my guide,
 E'en there Thy hand upholdeth me.

If to myself I say, the dark
 Will surely hide me from Thy sight,
 The darkness straightway turns to day,
 The night around me groweth light.

The darkness hideth nought from Thee:
 Before Thee night like day doth shine:
 The darkness and the light are both
 Alike to Thy all-seeing eyne.

PSALM CXXXIX.

THIRD PART.

THOU fashionedst my reins, O Lord!
My heart was framed by Thee.
When in my mother's womb I lay,
Thy power o'ershadowed me.

I'll praise Thee : I am fearfully
And wonderfully made :
The marvels that Thou workest stand
Before my soul displayed.

My bones, Lord, were not hid from Thee,
When I in secret lay ;
When I was fashioned in the earth,
Far from the light of day.

When without form my substance was,
Thine eyes thereon did look :
My members, when they were not yet,
Were written in Thy book.

PSALM CXXXIX.

FOURTH PART.

How dear, Lord, are Thy thoughts to me!
How richly forth they spring,
More than the sand! When I awake,
I lie beneath Thy wing.

Teach me to hate all those, O Lord,
Who are Thine enemies:
Let me be grieved with whatso'er
Against Thy word shall rise.

Yea, make my soul abhor all sin,
And count it for my foe.
Search me, O God, and prove my heart;
Try me; my spirit know.

Behold, if there be any way
Of wickedness in me:
And in Thine everlasting way
My Guide vouchsafe to be.

PSALM CXL.

FROM cruel and ungodly foes,
O Lord, deliver me!
From those whose wayward hearts are bent
To work iniquity.

Amid my troubles, to the Lord
I said, *Thou art my God:*
O hear my prayer, and rescue me
From the oppressor's rod!

Then Thou, O Lord, Thy saving strength
Upon my soul didst shed:
Thou in the day of battle wast
A Helmet to my head.

The mourner's cause will God uphold,
And guard the poor man's right.
The righteous shall give thanks to Thee,
And dwell before Thy sight.

PSALM CXLI.

To Thee, O Lord, I raise my voice :
 O haste to succour me !
 To my entreaty bow Thine ear,
 When I cry out to Thee.

Before Thee let my humble prayer,
 Like incense, heavenward rise :
 Let my uplifted hands be like
 The evening sacrifice.

Set Thou a guard before my mouth :
 Keep of my lips the door.
 Let not my heart incline to aught
 Thy servant should abhor ;

Nor practise evil deeds with men
 Who work iniquity :
 Ne'er let me of their dainties eat,
 But from their banquets fly.

But let the righteous chasten me :
 This will shew forth his love.
 Like precious oil upon my head,
 'Twill fall, if he reprove.

Such smiting shall not break my head :
 I will not fear such blows :
 My prayer shall rise to Thee against
 The doings of Thy foes.

PSALM CXLII.

I CRIED aloud to God, to Him
 My supplication made ;
 To Him I poured out my complaint,
 My woes before Him laid.

My heart was faint and overwhelmed ;
 But Thou beheldest my way.
 Across the path wherein I walkt,
 My foes a snare did lay.

I lookt around ; but there was none
 Who would acknowledge me :
 None cared to save my soul ; to none
 For shelter could I flee.

Then to the Lord I cried : Thou art
 My Refuge, Thou alone :
 Thou only in the land of life
 Thy servant still wilt own.

Behold me, Lord, how low I'm brought !
 O hearken to my cry ;
 And save me from my cruel foes,
 Who stronger are than I.

Forth from my prison bring my soul,
 That I may praise Thy name.
 The righteous, when they see Thy grace,
 Thy glory shall proclaim.

PSALM CXLIII.

FIRST PART.

To my entreaty, Lord, give ear!
 O to my prayer attend!
 And in Thy truth and righteousness
 A gracious answer send.

Before Thy judgement-seat ne'er call
 Thy servant to be tried:
 For in Thy sight no man on earth
 Shall e'er be justified.

My foes have sought to slay my soul:
 Upon my life they tread:
 In darkness they have made me dwell,
 Like those who've long been dead.

My spirit hence is overwhelmed;
 My heart is desolate.
 Thy works of old I call to mind:
 On them I meditate.

I muse on all that Thou hast done:
 To Thee I raise my hand:
 My soul, Lord, thirsteth after Thee,
 E'en like a parched land.

PSALM CXLIII.

SECOND PART.

O HEAR me, Lord! hear speedily!
 My strength hath from me flown:
 Help me, lest I become like those
 Who to the grave are gone.

Each morning let me hear Thy love:
 To Thee for help I flee.
 Shew me the way that I must walk:
 I raise my soul to Thee.

Teach me to do Thy holy will;
 For Thou, Lord, art my God:
 Shew me the land where Righteousness
 Aye holds her sure abode.

Renew, O Lord, and quicken me,
 Thy glory to display:
 My soul from all its troubles free;
 And drive my foes away.

PSALM CXLIV.

FIRST PART.

FOR ever blessed be the Lord !
 My Strength and saving Might !
 Who gives me boldness for the war,
 And arms me for the fight :

My Hope, my Bulwark, my high Tower,
 My Champion, and my Shield !
 In Him I place my trust : through Him
 My foes to me shall yield.

Lord, what is man, that Thou of him
 Dost so much knowledge take ?
 Or what the son of man, that Thou
 Of him account dost make ?

Man is like vanity, a breath
 That has no lasting stay :
 His days e'en like a shadow are,
 That glideth fast away.

To Thee, O Lord, new songs I'll sing
 Upon the psaltery :
 Upon a ten-stringed instrument
 Will I sing praise to Thee.

All strength and victory to kings
 Thou, Lord, alone canst send :
 Thy servant David from his foes
 Thy might and grace defend.

PSALM CXLIV.

SECOND PART.

LORD, free us from the power of those
 Whose mouth speaks vanity ;
 From those whose hands and heart are bent
 To work deceitfully :

That so our sons, like stately plants
 In bloom of youth, may grow ;
 Our daughters, like fair pillars round
 The temple placed in row ;

That with all kind of foodful grain
 Our garners may be filled ;
 That in our streets our teeming sheep
 May tens of thousands yield ;

That strong to work our herds may be ;
 That none our land invade,
 None into bondage lead our sons,
 None cry in vain for aid.

Happy in truth the people are,
 Whose lot is like to this !
 Yea, happy shall that people be,
 Whose God Jehovah is.

PSALM CXLV.

FIRST PART.

THEE will I bless, my God and King,
And ever magnify Thy fame :
Each day will I give thanks to Thee ;
Each day I'll praise Thy holy name.

The Lord is great beyond all praise ;
His power the reach of thought exceeds :
His marvels age to age shall tell,
And shall declare His mighty deeds.

For me, Thy praise, Thy wondrous works,
Thy glory, I will aye shew forth :
Thy goodness and Thy righteousness
Shall be the song of all the earth.

The Lord is bounteous, slow to wrath,
Full of compassion and of grace :
To all His creatures He is good :
His mercies all His works embrace.

Thy works, Lord, all shall praise Thy name :
Thy saints thy lovingkindness laud :
Thy kingdom's glory they declare :
Thus all shall know that Thou art God.

PSALM CXLV.

SECOND PART.

THY kingdom, Lord, for ever lasts :
 Throughout all ages Thou shalt reign :
 The steps that falter Thou upholdst ;
 The fallen Thou dost raise again.

The eyes of all Thy creatures wait
 On Thee : Thou givest each its food :
 Whene'er Thou spreadest out Thy hand,
 All by Thy bounty are renewed.

The Lord in all His ways is just :
 Holy in all His works is He ;
 And nigh to those who call on Him,
 Who call upon Him faithfully.

He will accomplish the desire
 Of those who worship Him in fear.
 Their Saviour in their need He 'll be :
 Whene'er they cry to Him, He 'll hear.

To tell the mercies of the Lord
 My mouth shall, while I breathe, endeavour :
 O let all flesh with one accord
 Praise Him for ever and for ever.

PSALM CXLVI.

FIRST PART.

PRAISE ye the Lord ! praise God, my soul !
Him, while I breathe, I 'll praise :
While I have being, to my God
My joyful song I 'll raise.

Trust not in kings ; trust not in man,
In whom there is no stay ;
Who, when he dies, returns to dust,
And all his thoughts decay.

Happy is he, whose help is God ;
Whose hope is in the Lord ;
In Him who made heaven, earth, and sea,
And alway keeps His word ;

In Him who helpeth them to right
That suffer wrongfully ;
Who to the hungry giveth food,
And sets the prisoner free.

PSALM CXLVI.

SECOND PART.

THE Lord doth to the blind give sight ;
The fallen He doth raise :
He ever loveth those who walk
With fear in righteous ways.

The stranger's Shield, the widow's Stay,
The orphan's Help is God :
But those who follow evil paths,
He smiteth with His rod.

The Lord thy God for evermore,
O Zion, shall be King :
Throughout all ages He shall reign :
To Him loud praises sing.

PSALM CXLVII.

FIRST PART.

O PRAISE the Lord : for meet it is
 To praise our heavenly King.
 Yea, praises are a pleasant task,
 A comely offering.

The Lord doth build Jerusalem,
 And there will ever reign :
 The outcast race of Israel
 He leadeth home again.

The faint and broken hearts He heals,
 Renews the sinking frames :
 He tells the number of the stars,
 And calls them by their names.

Great is our God ; and great His power :
 His wisdom none can sound.
 The Lord doth raise the meek, and casts
 Th' unrighteous to the ground.

PSALM CXLVII.

SECOND PART.

SING to the Lord; your thanks pour forth;
 His glory spread abroad;
 Sing joyful praises on the harp
 To our all-gracious God;

Who drives the clouds across the heavens;
 Who for the earth below
 Prepareth rain; who maketh grass
 Upon the mountains grow.

He gives the beasts their food; He feeds
 Young ravens when they cry:
 His pleasure in no horse's strength,
 In no man's speed doth lie.

In whom then will He pleasure take?
 In those who fear the Lord;
 In those, who, walking righteously,
 Trust in His holy word.

PSALM CXLVII.

THIRD PART.

O PRAISE the Lord, Jerusalem !
 Thy God, O Zion, praise !
 He maketh strong thy gates ; thy sons
 He blesseth all their days.

He in thy borders planteth peace,
 With fine wheat filleth thee :
 He sendeth forth His word : o'er th' earth
 It runneth speedily.

Hoarfrost like ashes scatters He,
 And snow like wool doth give ;
 His ice, like morsels, round He casts :
 Beneath it who can live ?

Anon He sendeth forth His word,
 And melts it all again.
 He makes His winds to blow ; and now
 The waters flow amain.

The word of His eternal truth
 To Jacob He hath shewn :
 His statutes and His judgements He
 To Israel made known.

To us alone, to none besides,
 Did God such grace afford.
 His law the nations ne'er have known :
 O Israel, praise the Lord !

PSALM CXLVIII.

YE heavens, your God confess ;
 On high His glory raise ;
 Him all ye angels bless ;
 Him all His armies praise.

Him glorify, Sun, moon, and stars,
 Ye rolling spheres, And highest sky.

From Him your beings are ;
 To Him your praise be poured :
 You all created were,
 When He sent forth His word :

And in that place, Where His command
 Hath bid you stand, Ye run your race.

Praise God on earth below,
 Ye dragons, and all deeps ;
 Fire, hail, wind, clouds, and snow,
 Whom He to serve Him keeps.

Praise ye His name, Hills great and small,
 Trees low and tall, Beasts wild and tame,

All things that creep or fly,
 Ye kings, ye men of might,
 All people, low or high,
 His praise be your delight.

Both old and young, Exalt his name :
 By all His fame Should aye be sung.

Let God's great name be praised
 Above the earth and sky :
 For He His saints hath raised,
 And set their horn on high ;

All ye that be Of Jacob's race,
 Near to His grace, The Lord praise ye.

PSALM CXLIX.

O PRAISE ye the Lord! make ready your voice,
His praise in the great assembly to sing:
In God our Creator let Jacob rejoice:
Ye children of Zion, be glad in your King.

His name let them all extoll in the dance,
With timbrel and harp His praises express;
Who alway delighteth His saints to advance,
And with His salvation the humble to bless.

With glory adorned, His people shall sing,
To God, who their beds with safety doth shield:
Their mouth filled with praise of Jehovah their King;
The sword of the Spirit their right hand shall wield.

Thus shall they enforce, when sin they destroy,
The dreadful decree, which God doth proclaim,
Such honour and triumph His saints shall enjoy.
O therefore for ever exalt ye His name!

PSALM CL.

PRAISE, ye nations, praise Jehovah !
Praise Him in His holy place !
Praise Him on His throne of glory,
Where His angels see His face.

Praise Him for His mighty wonders !
Praise Him for His majesty !
As in glory He excelleth,
So His praises magnify.

Praise Him with the pealing trumpet !
Praise Him with the psaltery !
Let the timbrel, let the organ,
Pour His praises through the sky.

Praise Him on the sounding cymbals !
Praise Him on the stringed chord !
Praise Him every breathing creature !
Praise, all people, praise the Lord !

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